VOLUME 154 NUMBER 13

LOOKING FORWARD

OF ONE THING we may be sure: future historians who study the prohibition experiment during these two decades will be struck by the amazing lack of logic and astonishing temporary success of those churchmen who, because they worked politically for prohibition, succeeded in identifying it in the minds of their followers with the religion of Christ—to the vast detriment of the Christian churches so affected.

CERTAINLY, if the ordinary person learns anything in Sunday school about Christian character and conduct, he learns that genuine goodness comes from the inside out—not from the outside in. No man will ever enter the Kingdom of Heaven through enforcing upon others his own personal rules of conduct. He must achieve the Kingdom of God in himself. Temperance as a virtue is a personal matter, considered in connection with the Christian faith.

PROHIBITION, on the other hand, is a political method of dealing with the use of liquor: one which attempts, mistakenly, to legislate it out of existence. Properly speaking, it has nothing whatever to do with religion, if we except the Mohammedan faith. It belongs in the political realm of legislative experiments to improve society.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE, it is true, may be a matter of personal conviction, and for those who hold it an excellent principle. But the instant it ceases to be the individual's means of achieving Christian character and becomes a rule of moral conduct which that individual spends his time enforcing upon others —in that instant it becomes opposed to the basic principles of Christ's teaching.

THAT THIS IS not merely a matter of theory is evidenced by the number of liberal minded people who are being alienated from the Christian churches by political religious leaders who are exhibiting all the bigotry, intolerance, and tyranny which are associated with the enemies of Jesus.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

Outlook
and Independent

•

March 26, 1930

Looking Forward 483
Frontispiece: Revolution 484

Articles

Birth Control or War? ..... *Henry Kittredge Norton* 485
Citadel of Enforcement ..... *Bruce Crawford* 488
The Literary Racket ..... *Kay Kennedy* 490
Uncle Sam, Grain Trader ..... *William O. Scroggs* 499
A Load of Fur Coats ..... *John Coffey* 500
"Ah, Your Skyscrapers!" ..... *T. R. Ybarra* 504
Football Parity ..... *George Trevor* 505
The Stream of Business ..... *Frank A. Fall* 506

The Trend of Events 492

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 507
The Byronic Hero ..... *Frances Lamont Robbins* 507
French by the Grace of God ..... *Allen W. Porterfield* 507
The Week's Reading 508
Behind the Blurbs ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 509
As Others See Us ..... *John Carter* 510
The Theatre ..... *Francis R. Bellamy* 512
The Movies ..... *Creighton Peet* 513
From the Life ..... *Ibby Hall* 514
An American Epic ..... *Arthur Strawn* 515
With Our Readers 482

•

EDITORS
Francis Rufus Bellamy
Parkhurst Whitney
Henry F. Pringle
John T. Hackett
William T. Adee
Rodman Gilder

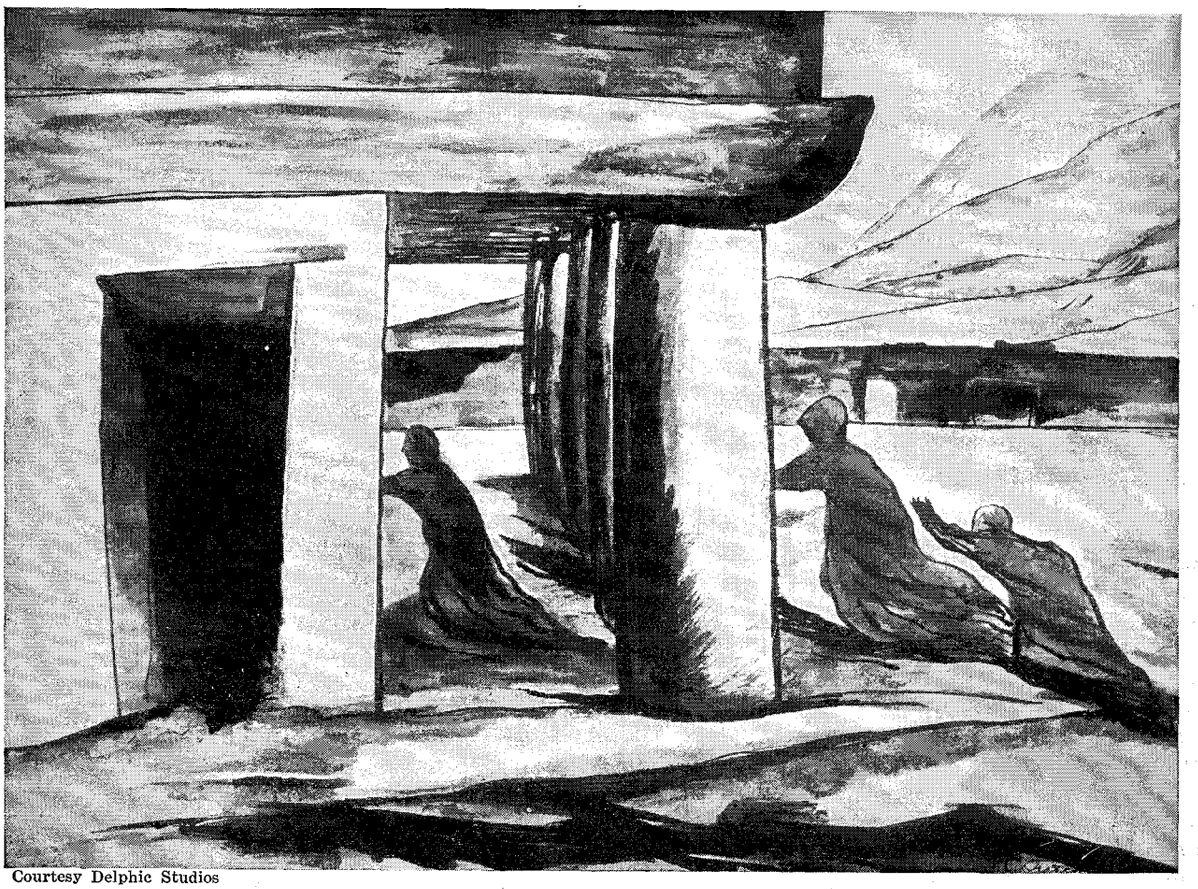
ASSOCIATES
Malcolm Waters Davis
Helen Chandler
Walter R. Brooks
Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins
William O. Scroggs

The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, March 26, 1930. Volume 154, Number 13. Published weekly by The Outlook Company, at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y, Harold T. Pulsifer. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1930, by the Outlook Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy Delphic Studios

REVOLUTION

A wash drawing by Jose Clemente Orozco

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY

Outlook
and Independent
March 26, 1930

Birth Control or War?

By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

In the past, when a nation has grown too big for its boundaries, national honor, or some equally noble motive, has required a war; the happy result being a reduction in the population and, in the event of victory, increased territory for the survivors. The other remedy, birth control, is in influential quarters, regarded as immoral. Is it, Mr. Norton asks, less moral than the classic recourse to arms?

BIRTH CONTROL or war? Those who have a liking for either will readily countenance the elimination of the other, but the choice between the two, if it is a necessary one, has a horrific aspect for many. Its moral aspects cause confusion and its practical aspects are difficult.

The crux of the question is found in the demand of certain countries for additional territories because their homelands are crowded. Italy is the most forthright of such countries at the moment, although Germany's insistence upon the restoration of her colonies is of the same stamp, and Japan, while less vociferous than a decade ago, does not forget her narrow confinement in a string of mountainous islands. Intellectuals throughout the Orient, in fact, express resentment against the white man's preemption of the unoccupied lands of the globe and his exclusion of the colored man therefrom.

There is no accepted standard of size for a nation, either as to the number of its people or the extent of its territory. The meat of the matter is in the proportion these bear one to the other. The United States with its 120,000,000 people is not overcrowded, while Japan with half as many people feels congested in a territory less than one-tenth as large. And 7,000,000 Australians fairly rattle around in a land as large as the United States.

In this disproportion the Japanese find ground for complaint, just as do the Italians when they consider their efforts to maintain 40,000,000 people on an area hardly more than half that possessed by the same number of Frenchmen. The underlying thought in both cases is that the world's arable land should be distributed more uniformly. The ideal would be a distribution such that each man, whatever his nationality, would have soil of approximately the same productive value back of him.

As an ideal, such a distribution would have its merits. Let us suppose some super-dictator should so distribute it and that all should forthwith arrive at millenial happiness. Then let nature take its course and the next generation grow to maturity. Some of these ideal one-family farms would still be maintaining one family in prosperous circumstances and others would be groaning under the weight of six, eight or ten families. The first group would be white — probably French — and the others colored—Japanese, Chinese or Hindu. Another generation would repeat . . . but we are leaving our millenium far behind!

What should the super-dictator do? Redistribute the lands equally among the men of each generation? Such a course would mean periodically taking land from the one-family peoples to supply the ever-increasing hordes of the ten-family peoples. General prosperity would give way first to general privation, then to destitution, then to squalor and degradation and then to the final struggle for mere existence. That way madness lies. The things of the spirit—art, literature, philosophy, religion, civilization itself—would all go down in a brutishly relentless fight for a bare existence on the lowest animal plane. Too much of the world's history is already written in such characters.

Yet the present plea of overcrowded nations for more land as an outlet for their surplus population leads logically in just this direction. They are in effect demanding additional farms for their multitudinous offspring. The only way to obtain such farms is to take them away from the less prolific peoples. Quite naturally these peoples refuse to give them up unless they are compelled to do so by superior force.

Japanese statisticians have declared that there is room in the world for 2,500,000,000 people living on the Japanese standard while the world can support only 1,000,000,000 on the American standard. Therefore, they triumphantly conclude, Americans should move up a bit and make room for these extra hundreds of millions. But should we? Pursue this reasoning in the other direction. The world might support 3,500,000,000 people on the Chinese or Indian standard. Are the Japanese ready to move up a bit closer to make room for these extra hundreds of millions merely because the Chinese and Indians can breed faster and live lower than they can?

The complaint of overcrowding will come only from a people which is dissatisfied with its standard of living. The solution proposed by the Japanese statisticians, however, would not raise the Japanese standard. It would only bring down all the more favored peoples to that standard. And then, if

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the same course were faithfully pursued, all would continue to sink together to the plane of the very lowest.

On this basis, the one criterion of race survival becomes the sheer animal capacity to procreate. No other quality would count because mere numbers would carry the day.

It is fair to assume that neither the Japanese nor any other people of higher standards of living would care to adopt the Chinese or Indian standard. Our own immigration situation would indicate that all of them would readily adopt the American standard if they could. But they cannot do it on the theory that more land is the means to that end.

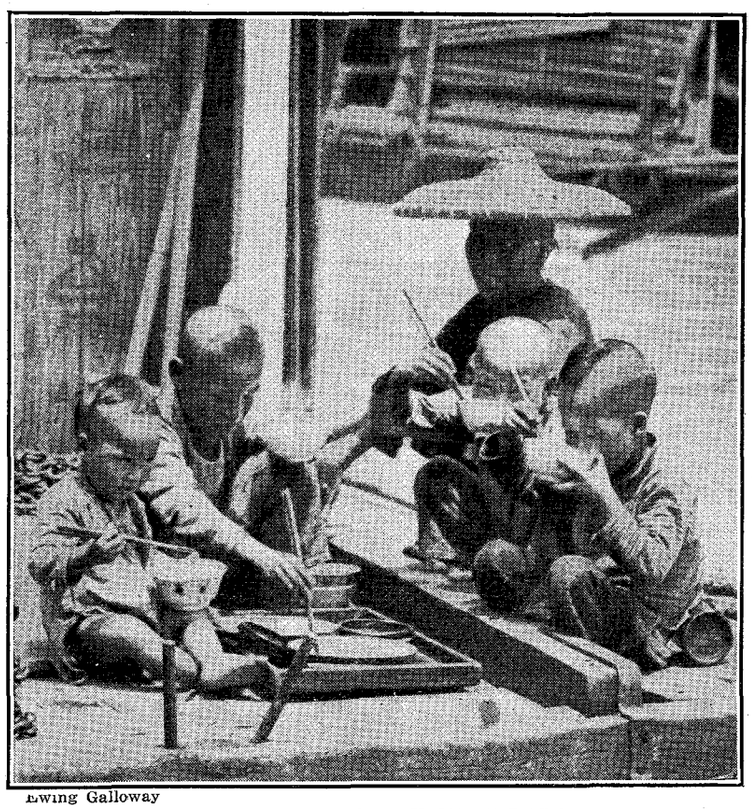
There was a time when Japan and Italy, even China and India, were no more densely populated than the United States is today. In other words they were then in exactly the position which they claim justice would give them today. And what did they do about it? They proceeded to breed at a rate which filled up their territory to overflowing and laid upon their sons an almost insupportable burden of competition for the barest essentials of existence.

These sons demand a larger share of the world's acres. To give it to them is utterly futile so long as they carry on the procreative tradition of their fathers. Give them a province, give them a hemisphere, and in a moment of history they will fill it as full as the land they have today. They will have gained nothing, but the more continent peoples will have lost. Civilization will have lost. Humanity will have lost. And peace will be further from our grasp than ever.

Yet war or the power to make war will still be necessary for many generations if we are to hold the gains which civilization has made. Mass-procreation is as expansive in its nature as mass-production. It will constantly raise the human pressure and its output will clamor ever more stridently for a share of the advantages of those who refuse to diffuse their energies in prodigal reproduction. That pressure must be held back by force or civilization must surrender. That surrender may be either wholesale or retail. Whenever the world tolerates the seizure of the territory of one country by another and recognizes its legal validity, that is wholesale surrender. Retail surrender is involved in some aspects of the immigration process.

An undeveloped country welcomes immigrants. The more people there are, the more work, production and development there are. But sooner or later a point is reached when a further influx of people does not raise the average well-being. Instead it lowers it. This point is somewhat difficult to locate with exactitude because it varies with the degree of technical development, the social organization and the psychological attitude of the people. A Chinese might feel there was plenty of room where an Englishman would feel fearfully annoyed.

But the point of population balance exists. Undoubtedly Italy, Japan, China and India have gone far past it. Australia and the Argentine have not yet reached it. The United States is probably very close to it. And thus there are emigrant countries, immigrant countries and countries which have no desire to be either.



Ewing Galloway

LUNCH TIME ON A CHINESE BARGE

Critics of the exclusion laws of the United States, Canada, Australia contend that there is within the borders of these countries an enormous amount of arable land which is unused. This land it is asserted would maintain, in what for them would be affluence, millions of immigrants from the overcrowded countries. The conclusion is that the lands should be made available for the immigrants. But remember the ten-family farms. Those unused lands, beyond the margin of profit for Americans, Canadians, Australians, are the very bulwark which sustains their higher standards of living. Admit the highly procreative peoples to them and those high standards begin to sink. This is retail surrender to mass-procreation.

There is but one way to a satisfactory solution for those who desire the peace and progress of all mankind. That is for each nation to adjust its population to such numbers as its present territory will support on whatever standard of living it desires. It should not be permitted to seize the territory of others to make room for its increasing numbers. Nor has it any right to send its surplus people into other countries and overcrowd them to the detriment of their peoples. It can regulate the pressure of population in its own land as it sees fit, but every other nation is entitled to the same opportunity. Population must be adjusted to territory and not territory to population.

The colored peoples make prompt rejoinder. It is all very well, they say, for the white race, now that it has secured much of the Americas, most of Africa, and all of Australia for its own expansion, to cry quits and suggest that everybody keep what he has. The colored spokesmen can see no justice in that. They insist that the races are equal and that the yellow and the brown are entitled to as much land per capita as the white. Reduced to its fundamentals, this is simply a claim that because the yellow and the brown races have produced more children, therefore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are entitled to more of the earth's surface. If there be any injustice in the proposal to maintain the status quo, it will be less than the injustice caused by unending efforts to change it by military power.

But how much of injustice is there in maintaining the status quo? India and China had an advanced civilization 3000 years ago. Japan makes hers 2500 years old. In comparison, the civilization of Europe and America is hardly out of its swaddling clothes. During all those centuries before it had found itself, the Americas, Africa and Australia were sparsely peopled by savages. Did the yellow and brown races make any effort to reclaim them for civilization? If the white race had never existed, how long would it have been before India, China or Japan would have peopled these lands? Without the achievements of the white race, the yellow and brown would be just where they are today so far as room for expansion is concerned.

Whichever way the scales of justice may tip, it is perfectly obvious to any person who prefers fact to fantasy that the peoples who possess lands on this shrinking globe of ours are not going to hand them over to others, no matter how great the need of those others may be made to appear. It is equally obvious that the crowded peoples will never miss an opportunity to get more land whenever it offers. This is such stuff as wars are made of. If wars do not come, it will be because the less crowded peoples remain so well prepared that the outcome is a foregone conclusion. Thus it is clear that we shall have war or menace of war until such time as the mass-procreation peoples consent to restrain their reproductive proclivities.

Ewing Galloway

STREET SCENE IN HONGKONG

It was the fashion for a time to smile condescendingly at the predictions of Malthus. It was held that the industrial revolution had utterly invalidated his conclusions so far as England was concerned. And this appeared to be the case. For England's population doubled and trebled beyond the limits he had set for it. England was able to accomplish this, however, because there were other parts of the world untouched by the industrial revolution. The great undeveloped areas of the New World and the backward masses of Asia absorbed her industrial products and enabled her to sustain this increased population on a standard of living higher than that of Malthus's day. But those halcyon days have passed. The rest of the world is not only increasingly able to supply its own industrial demands but is increasingly jealous of its right to do so.

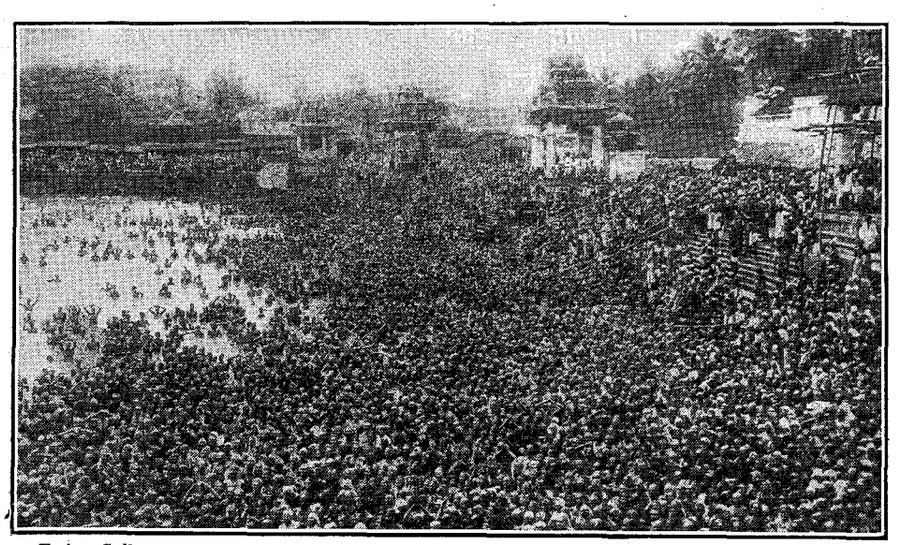
Even the industrial revolution did not help the population problem in the overcrowded Asian lands, nor did it help it much in Italy. Now that the world is beginning to feel its unity, it becomes evident that the conclusions of Malthus, while temporarily upset as to England, may have a new validity when applied to the world as a whole. To invalidate them in this larger field, there must be a world-wide economic advance comparable in intensity to the industrial revolution in England but universal in its operation.

This is unlikely enough, but to have any permanent effect upon the standard of living in the mass-procreation countries it must be accompanied by a resolve on the part of their peoples to become more temperate in some of their habits. Otherwise they will in all too short a time find themselves again exactly where they are now.

So, strive to escape it as we will, the inevitable alternative seems still to face us. If the prolific peoples insist upon the unlimited indulgence of their procreative abilities, it will be impossible to restrain their land-hunger except by the presence of overwhelming force. War and the menace of war will thus remain with us until its alternative is accepted.

In some highly influential quarters birth-control is condemned as an immoral practice. All the powers of ecclesiastical authority are marshalled

(Please Turn to Page 515)



Ewing Galloway

A HINDOO TEMPLE POOL, MADURA, INDIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Citadel of Enforcement

Prohibition in the Small Town

By BRUCE CRAWFORD

The familiar argument that the small town is the true citadel of enforcement does not stand up very well under this report on conditions in one of them. The author is editor of "Crawford's Weekly" at Norton, Virginia

JUST WHAT IS the status of prohibition in the small town, claimed by the drys to be the citadel of true enforcement since the Babylons of the land have been conceded to Bacchus? Are small town inhabitants more loyal to the Noble Experiment than are the denizens of large cities?

Knowing most about his own town, the writer will confine his observations to the situation as it exists there.

As a place in which to live, Norton is one of the best communities in Virginia. With a population of four thousand, the town has adequate schools, six churches, a good theatre, a police department no worse than the average, numerous fraternal orders, and a country club. We have no millionaires nor very corrupt political bosses. Up to 1922, Norton doubtless was the smallest town in which Billy Sunday had conducted an evangelistic offensive after winning the big cities. The "religious turn-over," a phrase adopted by a local minister, is quite large, while the cultural standards of the community measure above the average, perhaps.

During the last fifteen years Norton has had her share of celebrated exhorters for prohibition. First, to pave the way for the Eighteenth Amendment, came Richard Pearson Hobson, the hero who corked Santiago harbor. After the enactment of the law we had Billy Sunday and his sermonic tirades against booze and violators. Next we had Willie D. Upshaw, cyclonic prohibitionist of Georgia. Others addressed the citizenry during the late national and state political campaigns on the efficacy of prohibition. And yet, in view of all this, how much observance and how much enforcement do we have in Norton?

Difference in population taken into account, Norton probably is no more respectful of the Eighteenth Amendment than is New York. It is true that we do not have graft as New York knows graft, or as Philadelphia and Chicago understand it. But we have what amounts in the last analysis to the same thing—arbitrary enforcement. That is to say, we arrest the lowly wage-earner whose lot prohibition was supposed to improve, and wink at the influential citizen who has such liquors as he wants and does pretty much as he chooses.

Banquets are never raided, though the bowl brims over. All night parties are notorious for their drinks—wines more alcoholic than the ferments prescribed for Washington dames by Commissioner Doran's wife, home brews ordered from roadside stores, and hard liquor, of which the most poisonous is known as "Who Shot John?" The poor man who can least afford to pay a fine throws his party "all by his lonesome" and lands in the hoosegow that was built in the brick tabernacle erected for Billy Sunday and salvaged for a municipal hall.

The town authorities receive very little assistance from the Federal government in attempted enforcement. The Federal officers help out when asked to do so, but for the most part they collaborate with the county officers in raiding moonshine distilleries. Although a few stills are destroyed each week, the flow to town does not perceptibly abate. There is artificial scarcity when the bootlegger holds out for his price, but competition among bootleggers and roadside speakeasies is keen and price is therefore not always an obstacle.

Wholesale houses have built up a nice business in the jobbing of sheet copper, fruit jars, corn meal and sugar, while the hardware stores display caps and corks for bottling home brew. Retail grocers enjoy a steady trade in yeast, raisins, grapejuice, and other requisites for wine making.

Then there are lesser substitutes to quaff. The poor man of pre-prohibition who is still poor, finding himself unable to buy a pint of corn liquor after paying a fine, has solved his problem by laying in bay rum and hair tonic from the five and ten store. In such emergencies he also resorts to extracts obtainable at the grocery, but when pay day rolls around there are plenty of bootleggers and roadhouses to supply him with harder stuff and leave him to the mercy of capricious police.

The roadhouse, in fact, is one of prohibition's rankest growths. The Eighteenth Amendment and good roads have produced endless rows of speakeasies, known variously as halfway houses, moonlight inns, "red onions," barbecues, and So-and-So's Place. They dot the highways from one town to another, most of them at points where only one kind of trade is conceivable. Many of them are store and residence combined, with bedrooms curtained off in back. Others are, to all outward appearances, dwellings, where the women folk sell liquor while the men are away ostensibly at legitimate work. Such homes are unsightly shacks in neglected yards. It is not for lack of money that such premises are neglected.

It is difficult for the stranger to obtain liquor at a roadhouse. He must first look up an acquaintance to recommend him. Undercover agents of prohibition, posing as clothing salesmen, often buy liquor from these speakeasies and then have the proprietors indicted. Officers in disguise are watched out for constantly. But the stranger accompanied by one known to the bootlegger can get what he wants. He goes into a back room, maybe a bedroom, and fills his pockets or his suitcase. Sometimes the liquor is wrapped as merchandise. It must be carried out with a very casual air. Often a constable lays hold of a customer on the spot and searches him. In that event two fines are paid, some lawyers are remunerated, and things go on as usual. Nothing is ever stopped.

Signs on roadside speakeasies reading "Hot dogs" or "Ice cold drinks" do not serve altogether as a blind, for hot lunches and soft drinks also bring in many dollars. And if the officer finds no liquor, he usually buys a sandwich and a bottle of pop, before waving a cordial adieu. A "blind pig" establishment usually makes overhead from the sale of hot dogs and ginger ale.

Along the highways leading to Nor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ton are many residences that are said to be bootlegging regularly. A car will stop in front of one and a man will saunter up to the house, giving the dogs a friendly pat as he goes. He will knock, and a little girl will open the door. The woman of the house will be nursing a baby in front of a hot-blast. If the visitor is not unknown there and his needs are understood, he will be invited in. The more frequent customers walk in without invitation.

The little girl has learned to be accommodating, so she will start up the phonograph, playing such records as "The Old Rugged Cross" and "Floyd Collins in the Cave." On one wall will be a garish picture of Jesus and the lambs. On another will be a framed prayer reading "God Bless Our Home."

The customer will talk in circumlocutions for a while, and stand about the room. Presently he will state his errand and appear in a hurry to go. Laying the baby on a bed behind her, the woman will go into an adjoining room or outside of the house and return with a flask or a fruit jar, whichever the man ordered. He will pull a five or a ten dollar bill and she will peel the change from a greasy roll. At such a place the stranger is turned down flat at the door, as having offered an insult, unless he is accompanied by a familiar.

When the officers raid such a home, they rarely find any liquor on the premises. Not that it isn't there. When their approach becomes known to the household, the woman will hasten to bed and pretend illness. The rest of the family will simulate anxiety for her. The officers will look the house over, peer under the bed, excuse themselves and go out the back door—not knowing that many flasks and fruit jars were concealed in the bed-tick on which the "sick" woman groaned. Outside the officers pry into everything that suggests a hiding-place for booze, and go away unsatisfied. Perhaps the liquor is buried in the garden loam; or, if there is no garden, the whiskey may be concealed in a sunken grave partly overgrown—as it has been known to be.

Hotel bell boys in the average small town have very few encounters with the police. Officers rarely bother the hotels, even those of the lowest order. The bell boy is generally a reader of men and can tell at a glance whether or not to sell to the guest who orders moonshine with his ice water. He may have an ice box or a closet in which to keep his liquor supply, but he tells the customer, "I'll go out and see if I can get some." Seldom is there difficulty or delay.

If the bell boy keeps no supply on hand, he has only to step down to the lobby or out under the marquee to find a ready bootlegger. The hotel is a good market-place for the peddler of hard liquor.

Whenever a convention is held or a group of some kind has a banquet, a room on an upper floor is visited before, during and after, and there is always "plenty more where this comes from." Indeed, it would be a sorry hotel that did not provide, or at least permit, such a thing. The town boosters, prohibitionists included, realize as much. The enforcement officers would feel sheepishly self-righteous if they raided such a revelry. On one occasion, when a patriotic order was holding a state convention in a nearby small town, an over-zealous officer did make himself too conspicuous in the hotel where mingled those who pledged themselves to God, Constitution and Country, and was politely but firmly ushered out. He doubtless went somewhere else and nabbed a day laborer with a pint.

But we do have enforcement in Norton, enough of it to net the officers their fees and defray some of the town's expenses. Yet, as said, the officers generally are careful whom they tackle. It is common knowledge that one policeman lost his job because, being a new-comer and unacquainted with the social register, he chased a choice citizen down the main street in an effort to arrest him for being intoxicated. The citizen made the boast that he would even the score; and, accordingly, the officer's sins, of no concern before, came out on him shortly and he was dismissed. From the standpoint of the well-to-do man with a cellar, the dismissal was an extremely salutary action on the part of the councilmanic dads. No such errors as his have been made since.

Some of our former policemen, having learned the bootlegger's racket, are now in the business for themselves. One in particular, who has a large house and respectable and respected children, has played the game with fabulous success since his resignation as police chief several years ago. Only once has he gone to jail, and he was released in time to vote. He has many customers among the business and professional men. When a conclave takes the town and the police are shrewd enough to shut their eyes, he is as busy on street and in lobby as the veriest hand-shaker.

(Please Turn to Page 516)

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

RURAL HOSPITALITY
An etching by Harold Denison

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Literary Racket

By KAY KENNEDY

These are bright days for the author, what with book clubs, motion picture rights, and perennial prizes. Then there is the literary tea to signalize the publication of his book; though it is true that the guests may not cluster so thickly around him as around the punch bowl. Miss Kennedy is a newspaper woman

THE LITERARY TEA has gone Park Avenue. The publishing of a book frequently is the signal in New York, not for an intimate gathering of kindred souls around the fireplace of an artistic, if draughty, studio, but for an invasion of the Ritz, the Savoy-Plaza, the Central Park Casino, or Sherry's.

My first attendance at a literary tea occupies a vivid place in my remembrance. It was held on a wintry afternoon eight or nine years ago in a remodeled garret such as was typical of Greenwich Village until the realtors began to do things down there. The hostess, newly returned from England and definitely crumpet-conscious, had invited a group of fellow-intellectuals and artists to honor the imminent publication of a volume of her verse. She had speared one live author, two literary critics, a member of the staff of an arty Village periodical, a representative of the publisher and a score of worshippers. I was there by mistake. In a land but recently wooed to prohibition it was difficult to find oases and some one had simply given myself and a companion the wrong address.

Once there, I decided to stick it out. With splendid fortitude I endured the reading of a thirty-four page sample of the verse, the "ohs" and "ahs" and "how lovely's" of the audience, the animadversions toward a public that failed to reward poesy with purses, and glowing tributes to the city of London "where things are so much more civilized." I took my tea with lemon. I succeeded with a crumpet. Eventually I fled into the night to join a young man who patiently and morosely had been waiting until, he explained, I should come to my senses and follow him.

My latest—I shall not say "last" for I have become an addict—attendance at a literary tea was in sharp contrast. It was held in a ballroom of a Fifth Avenue hotel. The host was a publisher who shall be (and, was to the majority of those present) nameless. The guest of honor was an author who throughout the evening remained all but ignored; there was not even one copy of his book in sight. Five hundred well-paid and fairly well-dressed individuals danced, laughed occasionally at others' jokes and continuously at their own, saw and were seen—and beat a path to the punchbowl.

If the book publishing business in New York has evolved into the literary racket I cannot see that any one is the poorer. The author has moved from his attic to a duplex apartment "east of the Avenue." And the publisher has left grimy downtown offices, engaged commodious mid-town suites — and reached a point where without flinching he can entertain the multitude at a big-time hostelry.

One publisher's tea given in honor of a young author who is first in the hearts of his country's clubwomen cost, it is rumored, approximately $1,500. But then every one—whether or not honored with an invitation—attended. By every one I mean agents, publishers, critics, editors, writers and those members of the general public who had heard of the party. Advance news of a good brawl gets around very quickly in certain circles.

At one of these lesser debauches not so long ago, I was witness to a strangely disheartening scene. A young woman approached a benign looking gentleman standing alone at one side of the room and asked him for a match. He lit her cigarette and asked her, courteously, if he could bring her a sandwich or some punch.

"No, thanks, I've tried them both and they're foul. This party is a washout anyway. Let's get a crowd and go somewhere else."

"I'm so sorry," replied her companion, "but I really can't leave—you see, I'm the host."

Among the more famous of the publishers' parties was the one given for a sea-going authoress on board a French liner at its New York dock. The vessel swarmed with the customary writing folk, the more decorative actresses, and unidentified men and women in their best evening clothes. On that delightful occasion, the guests were subjected to a raid by Federal officers disguised as stevedores and deck-hands. They confiscated three or four bottles of alleged alcoholic content and the guests thoroughly enjoyed the whole thing. The publisher, on the other hand, was frightfully annoyed—especially when he found that he had got at least half a column in most of the next day's papers. For no tea party is ever given in the hope of publicity. Such a thought is simply revolting.

A party which no one would have thought of missing was that given by her publishers for a young woman known far and wide as an authority on matrimony. This tea was unique in that the guest of honor, who had recently published her autobiography, was the center of attention. Even the most cynical were eager to study, at close hand, her famed magnetism. And all wanted a good look at her jewels. She was quietly and tastefully dressed and wore only two bracelets, two pins (one on her hat and one on her gown), and a diamond and emerald pendant. As she kept her gloves on, what rings she wore—if any—were invisible. The disappointed newspapermen did the best they could with what she had and added, in their reports, that her shoes (trimmed with small, cut steel bow-knots) had buckles set with diamonds.

Then there was that doggy function sponsored by an appreciative publisher for an author noted for his radicalism. Many of those in attendance took pleasure in sneering at the sight of this man of the people eating caviar and paté de fois gras in the gilded halls of the rich.

At the height of the season there are sometimes as many as four parties in one day. A young man who writes a not too literary column for a press association was invited recently to a somewhat liquid luncheon at which a youthful English novelist was introduced to selected gentlemen of the press. Two hours later, my friend had to choose between two teas to which he had been invited. One affair found an authors' agent the hostess and the beautiful writer of a popular novel the honor guest. The other was a publisher's reception to a titled traveler

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

whose geographical exploits have, when reduced to writing, a steady sale. My friend decided against the knighted nomad, and in time reached the lavish offices of the literary agent. There he was led immediately to the buffet and for 180 uninterrupted minutes looked upon the ginger ale when it was amber. Eventually, he looked at his watch and found that he was already half an hour late to a publisher's buffet supper at which there were *two* guests of honor. He arrived in time for the creamed chicken and whatever was served from the miniature bar that, built for not more than five customers, succeeded in serving a hundred.

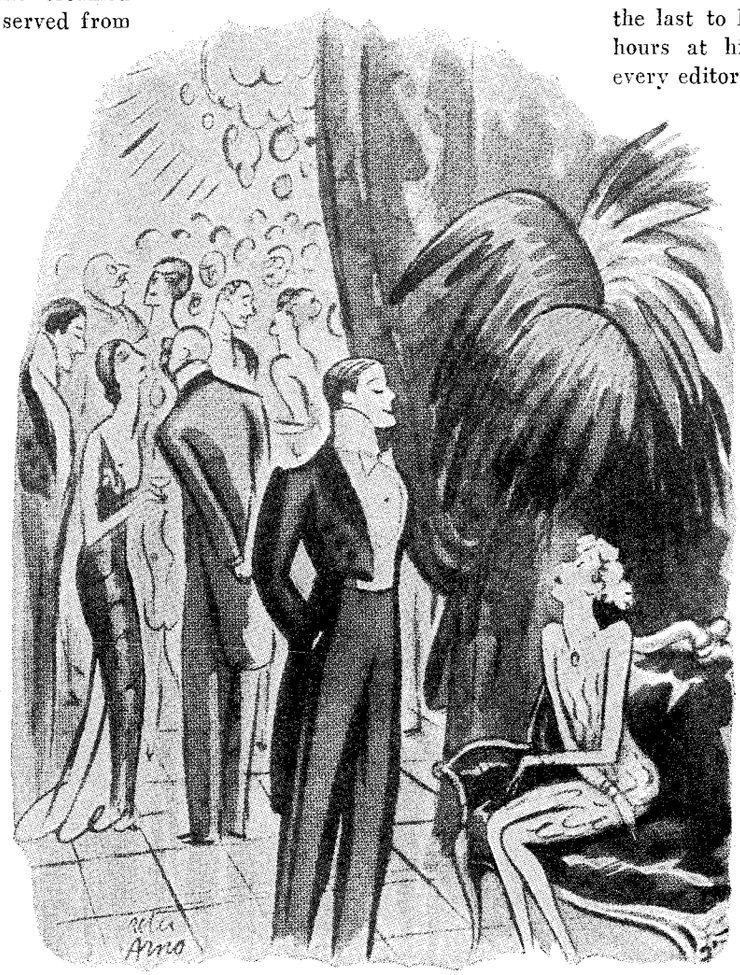
The critical fraternity is inclined to grade publishers by the quality of their refreshments rather than their books. There are two firms, ranking at the top when measured on this scale, whose teas no really worthwhile tea-goer would miss. Occasionally one meets with disappointment, of course. There was, for instance, that memorable tea at which tea was served. The name of the guest of honor was vaguely familiar to most of those invited, who, however, did not realize until too late that he was a writer of juvenile fiction. Practically the only fun to be had at the party was to stand around the bowl (containing a painfully innocuous punch) and watch the thirsty approach it enthusiastically, taste the contents with first amazement and then repugnance, and finally stalk away disillusioned and resentful.

One wag ventured the guess that the party had been underwritten by neighboring speakeasies.

By a judicious placing of spies, the following information has been gleaned as to the cost of one literary tea:

Hotel rooms and food	$500.00
Flowers	35.00
Tips	50.00
3 cases of this	120.00
3 cases of that	180.00
Orchestra	125.00

Some go to these affairs because the spectacle amuses them and to meet friends; others go because of the free refreshments; still others find the entertainments afford an excellent opportunity to transact business. And, of course, there are the star-gazers—those mysterious democrats who feed on contact with the great or near-great. They feel their afternoon well spent if they have been seen talking casually with the latest celebrity. Just to wander around in such distinguished company would be worth the price of admission—if there were any.



Drawing from Peter Arno's "Parade" (Liveright)

I boldly approached several of the habitués and asked them their reason for going to these parties. Here are some of the answers:

"The refreshments."

"The opportunity to do business in surroundings more congenial than the usual file cabinet fortress inhabited by publishers and editors."

"The refreshments."

"To foregather with friends with a minimum of effort and expense."

"The refreshments."

The prize answer was given by the representative of a publishing house.

"I go to literary teas," said he, elevating one eyebrow an incredible inch above the other, "because they come at the right time of day. At that time I should be signing my day's mail—but if I'm out of the office I can't sign it and thus am absolved from all responsibility as to what goes out on that particular day."

The more business-like, go-getter type of tea hound arrives early and is one of the last to leave. In the two or three hours at his disposal he approaches every editor, publisher, critic and agent in sight. No one is safe. He ingratiates himself with the right people, pins important personages down to luncheon dates, makes verbal contracts and seizes every occasion to consolidate himself in the literary world.

Then there are those guests veiled in the anonymity of a type—the slightly bored Harvard young man who has written twelve unsaleable essays and makes a living in the advertising department of something or other; the first-novelist, pathetically wanting to meet the reviewers who thus far have ignored his cherished work; the visiting book buyer who estimates that if he eats enough sandwiches he can go without dinner and thus keep for his own the $2.50 that will go on his expense account; and the burly brute with rumpled hair and enormous shoulders who is not, as one might be justified in assuming, a truck-driver but a writer of delicate, studied prose.

At one party there was even a policeman who strolled in off his beat for a few moments of cultural contact. An hour and a half later he was tenderly assisted to a cab by two of the guests. To their everlasting credit they made no retort when one of the persons in the crowd that collected around the cab exclaimed, "Isn't that a disgrace? A publisher is giving a party and that policeman had to arrest those two drunks."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Trend of Events

Rolling On

TWO YEARS AGO the National Republican Club tabled a resolution directed against prohibition. A week or so ago it came out boldly, 461 to 347, for the repeal of the 18th Amendment. Thus it registers itself as squarely against a cardinal policy of the Administration and the Republican party. The contrast between its action in 1928 and its action in 1930 well indicates how the anti-prohibition movement is growing.

There have been other recent indications besides. Seventy per cent of the members replying to a questionnaire sent out by New York City's ultra-conservative, ultra-Republican Union League Club favor repeal of the 18th Amendment; twenty per cent favor modification of the Volstead act. More than 39,000 of the 45,000 citizens responding to Pierre S. du Pont's poll in Delaware favor repeal of the state enforcement act, and 39,000 is more than half the total number of ballots cast in an off-year Delaware election. A special committee of the New York Lawyers' Association, having decided that the 18th Amendment was ratified illegally, has voted to advance its arguments before the United States Supreme Court.

Thus the snowball rolls on, steadily gaining in size and speed. Efforts to strengthen prohibition enforcement are, of course, still in evidence, though now they come too late. Canada, having been frequently invited to do so, is considering a bill to discourage the shipment of liquor across her southern boundary into the United States. Outstanding among Canada's motives is her unwillingness to see a dry American army established along a hitherto undefended border. Tighter enforcement is also the underlying idea in two cases now before the United States Supreme Court. In the Norris case, the defendant is charged with conspiracy for having liquor sent to him in New York from Philadelphia. In the Farrar case the defendant is charged with having purchased liquor. The latter case presents the clean-cut issue of whether or not the buyer of liquor may be punished under the Volstead act. Should the Government win these cases, there will be, of course, a vast increase in the number of those who may be arrested and tried on charges of violating a law that is violated thousands of times a day.

Dry Testimony

WHEN PROHIBITIONISTS opened fire before the House Judiciary Committee, Henry Ford telegraphed that the 18th Amendment was "the greatest force for the comfort and prosperity of the United States." The New York *World* dispatched an investigator to learn how much comfort and prosperity the amendment had brought to Mr. Ford's own Dearborn. He discovered fourteen speakeasies in one block. Liquor, he reported, flows freely at the very gates of the huge Ford factories. It "is sold almost openly in hundreds of homes and commercial establishments in the foreign-born district of the city." On the whole, "Bootleggers operate in Dearborn much as they operate everywhere in the country."

Underwood

COACH WHO STARRED

Alonzo Stagg, director of athletics, a witness before House Judiciary Committee

Mr. Ford did not attempt to deny the undeniable. Liquor is sold in Dearborn, he said, none too plausibly, "because the liquor interests are concentrating in this neighborhood because they know I am a dry."

As if it were not bad enough to have his telegram torn to shreds, Mr. Ford was asked by Representative La-Guardia, member of the House Judiciary Committee, to explain two conflicting statements he had made on prohibition. In one, he declared that "if booze ever comes back to the United States I am through with manufacturing." In the other he remarked that "we have arranged to build all our tractors in Ireland." To be sure, Mr. Ford could say, as he said to the New York *World* investigator, "We do not allow drinking in any of our foreign factories." But if it is possible to enforce this rule in a wet Ireland, it should be equally possible to enforce it in a wet United States. So that, if prohibition is repealed, Mr. Ford need not close down his American factories, as, indeed, when it is repealed, he won't.

Before these reverberations from the first week of dry testimony before the Judiciary Committee had died down, the second week was almost over. Its high point was the testimony of Amos Alonzo Stagg, director of athletics at the University of Chicago. Vividly and humanly, Mr. Stagg described the so-called good old days in his neighborhood. "The saloons were our substitutes for the movies, the theatres, the motor car, the radio, the seashore, reading, and all," he said. "In bad luck, men drowned their sorrows at the bar; in good luck they celebrated it there. When too warm, they drank; when too cold, they drank. In high spirits, they let off steam at the saloon; when bored, they bought high spirits from the bartender." He expressed the belief that the times have outgrown the saloon, and we unhesitatingly agree. That is why, when the 18th Amendment is repealed, legislation will be enacted to make the return of the saloon impossible.

Clark Memorandum

FOR THE DEFENSE, rather than the domination, of Latin-America. Thus the Hoover Administration intends to apply the Monroe Doctrine. So much is plain from the State Department's willingness to publish the 300-page interpretation of the doctrine by J. Reuben Clark, formerly Under Secretary of State, now chargè d'affaires at Mexico City.

The Clark memorandum exhaustively reviews the background of President

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Monroe's message of 1823. This historic document declared that the United States would consider any attempt by

Keystone

INTERPRETER
J. Reuben Clark defines and explains application of Monroe Doctrine

European powers to "extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety," would view any European interposition for the purpose of controlling the destiny of American nations as "a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

The core of Mr. Clark's interpretation is that "the doctrine states a case of the United States vs. Europe, not of the United States vs. Latin-America." It "does not apply to purely inter-American relations." Hitherto, interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine have expanded it; this one contracts it. Hitherto, they have tended to make the doctrine justify our every act in Latin-America; this one checks that tendency. It specifically repudiates the so-called Roosevelt corollary—that the United States should adjust financial and other difficulties in weak Latin-American nations, lest European powers intervene, and, intervening, occupy territory. Mr. Clark does not believe that this course is justified by the Monroe Doctrine, "however much it may be justified by the application of the doctrine of self-preservation."

Probably the Clark interpretation will spell no radical change in our policies toward Latin-America. Instead, what, hitherto, has been explained by reference to the Monroe Doctrine may, henceforth, be explained by reference to our self-defense. Thus our relations with Cuba, Haiti, and Nicaragua may, says Mr. Clark, "be accounted for as the expression of a national policy which, like the doctrine itself, originates in the necessities of security or self-preservation."

Hence we may continue to do the same things under another name, a fact which exultant Latin-Americans may have overlooked. Possibly, however, Latin-Americans feel that there will be less rigidity in our policies once they lose the sacred tag, "Monroe Doctrine." The Clark interpretation represents a great advance in theory. Though this remains to be seen, it may prove nowhere nearly so great an advance in fact.

▶▶*Dr. Schacht Resigns*

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht is not one of those who would rather be right than be president. For some years Dr. Schacht has been recognized as the ablest financial leader in Germany. As president of the German central bank, or Reichsbank, he directed his country's financial policy during that dizzy period when the bottom dropped out of the mark, a period which ended only when, largely by reason of his own determination, the currency was stabilized in 1923. In 1924, Dr. Schacht challenged public opinion by urging that Germany accept the Dawes plan. Subsequently he consistently advocated domestic and foreign policies which aimed at the fulfilment of Germany's obligations.

Then, a year or so ago, possibly stung by political ambition, he suffered a change of heart. It is rumored in Germany that Dr. Schacht hopes to succeed General von Hindenburg as President of the Reich. Attending the Paris conference called to frame a new reparations plan, he precipitated a crisis by holding out for a political as well as financial settlement, specifically, by demanding the return of Germany's colonies. During the summer and fall he continued to curry favor with the Nationalists in Germany by directing a barrage of criticism at the Young plan. Eventually, he appeared at the second Hague reparations conference to attack the Bank of International Settlements, which he had helped to establish, and to threaten non-cooperation by the Reichsbank. When his government disavowed his policies, he resigned as delegate to the conference. The next step was his resignation as president of the Reichsbank.

His successor in the latter position is Dr. Hans Luther. Twice Chancellor—i.e., Premier—Dr. Luther knows Germany's government. Formerly Minister of Finance, he knows its financial problems as well. Less sensational than Dr. Schacht, he also seems less wilful and therefore better fitted for the tasks at hand.

▶▶*Young Plan Ratified*

Ratifying the new reparations settlement, the German Parliament, or Reichstag, followed Dr. Schacht's first thought, and best. The outcome of the vote, never seriously in doubt, became certain when President von Hindenburg, whose nationalistic sympathies rarely color his judgments, threatened to veto the ratification unless the Reichstag rolled up a sizable majority. On the third reading the government won with sixty-odd votes to spare. President von Hindenburg thereupon affixed his signature, "with a heavy but resolute heart," believing that, despite the bur-

Keystone

SUCCEEDS SCHACHT
Dr. Hans Luther elected president of the Reichsbank

densome provisions the Young plan imposes on Germany, "in comparison to the Dawes plan it marks a bettering of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Acme

MORGAN'S OWN

The Corsair, shown under construction, will be the largest private yacht afloat

our economic lot and an advance along the road toward Germany's freedom and reconstruction."

Together with the Young plan, the Reichstag ratified the separate settlement with the United States covering the costs of our army of occupation, as well as the claims, growing out of the War, of the United States Government and of American citizens. A day or so before, Under Secretary of the Treasury Mills appeared before the House Ways and Means Committee to urge ratification of this settlement by Congress. Favorable action should be a matter of course, inasmuch as President Hoover gained the consent of congressional leaders of both parties before our claims against Germany were readjusted to jibe with the Young plan.

Thus the much-mentioned "liquidation of the war" progresses in orderly fashion. How long the process will continue is anybody's guess. The terms of the war-debt and reparations contracts set the 1980's for the final payments, but if debtors are still handing over their annuities to creditors fifty years from now, they will be doing so contrary to present expectations.

▸▸*Ask Us No Questions*

On the whole, it seems high time to distribute a one-question questionnaire among college professors conducting surveys. The question would read, "Why not stop sending out questionnaires?" What with scores of social, psychological, and vocational matters being subjected to the professorial "Ask Me Another," the questionnaire becomes as ubiquitous as the chain letter, and from a scientific standpoint often about as meaningless.

Here is a Columbia University professor asking how many people are content in their life work. It turns out that scarcely any one gaily shuts off the alarm clock and merrily scorches his mouth to down his coffee and be off to his best of all possible jobs. In fact, a "very considerable number" of those questioned replied that they were dissatisfied; several even "stated bluntly" that their interest was at the zero point. Stop a minute, however, and examine the questionnaire.

The professor has asked a group of individuals — nurses, school-teachers, and the like, who obviously work in order to make a living—to rate their interest in their jobs on a basis of whether they would continue in them if they should fall heir to a million dollars. It is surprising that his result is not a solid row of zeros.

This is a question for mellow, living-room discussion, not for scientific survey—the old familiar, "What would you do if you had a million dollars?" Nine times out of ten, the answers start, "I'd throw up my job and—." Given a million dollars, the majority of persons, after a short vacation, doubtless would work just as hard as they do now; many would undoubtedly continue in exactly the same jobs. Yet answers to the time-tried question will inevitably be pinked with the glow imagination gives to the unattainable. One sinks back amid the rustling of uncounted greenbacks, dreaming, "If I had a million dollars, I'd . . . I'd . . . I'd buy a yacht like Morgan's and ride on it the rest of my life."

▸▸*Plea for High Living*

Truth is, as any one will be brisk to tell you, a million dollars nowadays is not much of a sum to dream about. One should dream, first, of multiplying it at least by twenty. For instance, a year's income from a million dollars would hardly provide the woodwork on the new Morgan yacht. When it is launched in April, this yacht, fourth to bear the name Corsair, will have cost more than two and a half million dollars.

Like all the Morgan yachts, the Corsair has a black hull and white superstructure. Like the others, she has long, rakish, clipper lines. Largest and probably the most costly private yacht ever built, she is 343 feet long and weighs 3,080 tons. All of her interior woodwork and paneling is of teakwood, imported from India, save for the quarters allotted to the crew of fifty-eight, which are humbly finished in mahogany. There are two sets of quarters for the owner and five luxurious staterooms for guests. There are four lifeboats, two launches, special refrigerating and thermostatic systems, a two-unit power plant, and a lighting generator sufficient to furnish electric light for a city of 15,000 inhabitants. Don't get us started.

Though Caligula, hearing of the new Corsair, might think of his puny galleys and turn green with envy, it is doubtful that the average American reads about it with anything save a feeling of satisfaction. A good deal of nonsense is spoken and printed of multi-millionaires who live simply in spite of their vast wealth, who dwell in modest houses, walk to work, and haggle with the butcher just like ordinary folk. For the most part, these reports are as phony as their underlying idea. American families who, through generations, have built up some of the most important fortunes in the world are this country's only equivalent of royalty. It is up to royalty to dazzle and gratify commoners by putting on a first-rate, fourteen-karat show. Far from trying to live modestly, our multi-millionaires should live like princes—so sumptuously that the average citizen, reading about them, may feel his eyes popping out of his head to some purpose.

▸▸*Disunified Union*

Once the strongest union in the American Federation of Labor, the United Mine Workers of America split wide open by holding two conventions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the same time. The Indianapolis convention represented the faction still loyal to President John L. Lewis. The rebels met in Springfield, Illinois. Ostensibly, the conventions were called because no new constitution had been adopted replacing that which lapsed a year ago. Actually, each faction convened to read the other out of the union. In the first skirmish, the insurgents apparently out-maneuvered the old guard. The Springfield convention, appropriating the name of United Mine Workers of America, adopted a new constitution forty minutes before similar action was taken in Indianapolis.

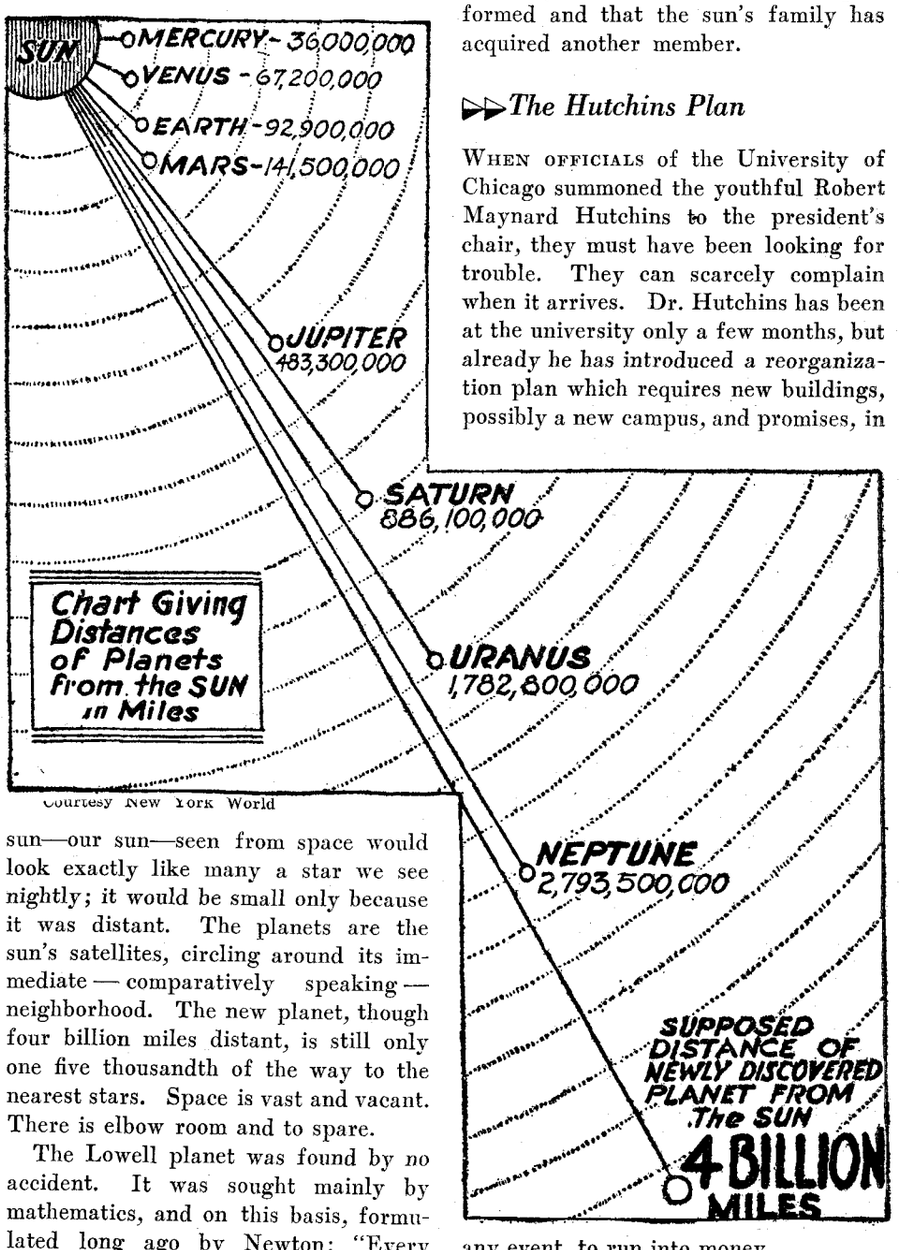
Destined for the courts, the quarrel promises to be carried into higher labor circles as well. When William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, agreed to address the meeting in Indianapolis, he indicated that its delegates would be recognized at the A. F. of L. convention in the fall. Yet the rebels are not merely a tatterdemalion crew of malcontents. Though delegates arrived in battered automobiles and even on brake-beams, though the leaders included such veterans of intra-union strife as Alex Howat of Kansas, though the faction hailed the spiritual leadership of that violent strike heroine, Mother Jones, the Springfield convention, dominated by the locals in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, and other sections where locals are still strong, represented perhaps the majority of the United Mine Workers' dues-paying members.

Dissatisfaction with conditions which have reduced the union to a fraction of its former size, discontent over the loss of strikes and the drop in wages, are certainly not unnatural. Yet sole responsibility for these conditions can hardly be placed on Mr. Lewis. Even in its hey-day, the United Mine Workers never embraced the whole field. Since then, non-union mining has become dominant, competitive conditions have grown worse, and consumers everywhere have turned to other forms of fuel than coal. The rebels yield to a human instinct when they denounce the "czarism" of Mr. Lewis. The ills of the coal-miners, however, are perhaps less the result of faulty leadership than of broad circumstances seriously affecting the whole coal-mining industry.

▸▸*The Sun's Family Grows*

WELL, we worldings have a new neighbor, a still unnamed planet residing far out in the vastnesses of space. Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars; Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and now—"Lowell?" Credit for the discovery of the new ninth planet must go, largely, to Dr. Percival Lowell, the late leader of planetary astronomy. This is the same Lowell whose name is linked with the study of the canals of Mars. His successors at the Flagstaff Observatory in Arizona are the brothers Slipher, V. M. and E. C. For many years, since Lowell did spade work on the difficult problem, they have plugged away faithfully. They now have their reward.

For this subject we must readjust our sense of proportion. First, consider the stars. These are suns. The



Courtesy New York World

sun—our sun—seen from space would look exactly like many a star we see nightly; it would be small only because it was distant. The planets are the sun's satellites, circling around its immediate — comparatively speaking — neighborhood. The new planet, though four billion miles distant, is still only one five thousandth of the way to the nearest stars. Space is vast and vacant. There is elbow room and to spare.

The Lowell planet was found by no accident. It was sought mainly by mathematics, and on this basis, formulated long ago by Newton: "Every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle in the universe." Assume that a planet moves in an orbit far beyond the outermost known planet, until recently Neptune. The former will attract the latter, deviating it ever so little from its normal motion. This is what is meant by the term "perturbation." Refined instruments detect the perturbations and mathematical analysis indicates the theoretical position of the perturber.

The actual search is then made photographically, a telescope equipped with a plate, in place of the eye, being a camera. How the tiny image of the planet is located among thousands of closely similar images of stars is another and a complicated story. Suffice it to say that the task has been performed and that the sun's family has acquired another member.

▸▸*The Hutchins Plan*

WHEN OFFICIALS of the University of Chicago summoned the youthful Robert Maynard Hutchins to the president's chair, they must have been looking for trouble. They can scarcely complain when it arrives. Dr. Hutchins has been at the university only a few months, but already he has introduced a reorganization plan which requires new buildings, possibly a new campus, and promises, in any event, to run into money.

For the present two divisions of students, graduate and undergraduate, Dr. Hutchins would like to substitute three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—collegiate, university group, and graduate school. The last group would remain much as it is now. The collegiate would be the beginners' division, where a student would start his education, develop individual interests and demonstrate "reaction to the university's opportunities and his own qualifications for advanced work." The speed or slowness of this reaction would govern the amount of time spent in the collegiate division before entrance into the university, where, according to Dr. Hutchins, the student would begin exploring some division of knowledge which interested him particularly and with which he was qualified to deal.

The program would be flexible, the student passing from collegiate to university division as fast as his abilities would let him, that is, in one to three years' time. Whether the college course would remain four years long, regardless of how long a student remained collegiate, is not made clear. We are assured, however, that graduation would be determined by the student's demonstration of "mental capacity."

On the face of it, the plan appears practical enough. It is frequently pointed out that colleges would benefit from being divided into several different types, to clear up some of the existing confusion between higher education, social prestige, football, and bread-and-butter training. Dr. Hutchins may be proposing a step in this direction. Presumably, his collegiate division would be a place where students might work off their high spirits, make valuable social contacts and acquire the proper dress, mannerisms, and conversational patter to set them off as college men and women. Presumably also, this division would take care of athletics. If Dr. Hutchins can add some arrangement whereby incurably collegiate students may remain a fourth year and receive an attractively-engraved diploma, he will have devised a very pleasant college and one for which there is probably a definite place.

▸▸*Pennsylvania Politics*

PENNSYLVANIA'S REPUBLICAN primary in May promises to duplicate the notorious contest of 1926. This year, as in 1926, there will be a three-cornered race for nomination. This year, as in 1926, the contestants will be the Vare faction, the Mellon faction, and Gifford Pinchot. But this year the three-cornered race will be run, not, as in 1926, for the senatorial nomination, but for the Republican nomination for Governor.

Opposing Mr. Pinchot will be the Mellon-Grundy gubernatorial candidate, Samuel S. Lewis, and Mr. Vare's entrant, the 72-year-old Francis Shunk Brown. Though worsted in the 1926 senatorial primary by Mr. Vare, the Mellon-Grundy group nominated and elected its candidate for Governor. This explains how the Governor of Pennsylvania happened to send Mr. Grundy to the Senate when the Senate turned up its nose at Mr. Vare.

Mr. Vare will not appear in person at the primaries in May. Ill health

Acme

TWO-FISTED CAMPAIGNER
Gifford Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, out for Republican nomination for Governor

has compelled him to abandon his plan to vindicate himself and confound the choosy Senate by being re-nominated and re-elected. But ill health or no ill health, he was not content to stand by and see the Pennsylvania Republican machine fall into the possession of the Mellonites. Unable to run for Senator himself, he will run some one else, namely, Secretary of Labor Davis. Mr. Grundy, Mellon candidate for the senatorial nomination, has but one grave weakness. He is none too strong with organized labor. How better oppose him, then, than by running the Secretary of Labor himself? The choice of Mr. Davis does credit to Mr. Vare's political intelligence.

Connoisseurs of politics have been idly wondering whether Pennsylvania might not smile on a Democratic candidate for Senator this November. The argument runs this way: Pennsylvania is wet. It would be incongruous for Mr. Grundy to run as a wet while supported by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, who still has charge of prohibition enforcement. Wetness would be no less incongruous in Secretary Davis, Cabinet member in a dry Administration; it would be doubly incongruous in him if he remained in the Cabinet while running in Pennsylvania. Let the Democratic candidate be wet enough, therefore, and he will win.

Unfortunately for this reasoning, it is a bit too slick. It overlooks the probability that overwhelmingly Republican Pennsylvania will go Republican no matter who the candidates or what the issues. It also overlooks the possibility that either Davis or Grundy or both may come out soaking wet and let incongruity go to the devil.

▸▸*Labor's Troubles*

NEWS DISPATCHES from London report that Premier MacDonald's handsome face looks more than a little haggard. Small wonder. Between the perplexities of the naval conference by day and the nagging of the House of Commons by night, MacDonald is a sorely beset man.

During the evening of March 11, on a minor amendment to the coal bill, the government met its first defeat. Stanley Baldwin, Conservative leader, thereupon half-heartedly asked the Premier whether he intended to resign. MacDonald, "amazed," challenged the Conservatives to move a vote of general censure two nights later.

The Conservatives, however, stuck to their plan of basing their motion on a specific question. The outcome on March 13 was therefore predetermined. The Liberals again deserted the Opposition to support the government. They could have taken no other course without disturbing the heavenly rest of Cobden, Bright, Gladstone and other Liberal leaders now departed. For the Conservatives had blamed industrial depression on the refusal of tight-lipped Chancellor of the Exchequer Snowden to reveal whether or not the budget, which he will report on April 14, continues existing tariff duties. The uncertainty, they said in their motion of censure, was raising Cain with business. Refusing to commit heresy by supporting protectionism, nineteen Liberals joined with the full Labor membership to defeat the motion by 308 to 235.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Liberal support of Labor will not continue indefinitely. Like the Conservatives, the Liberals are waiting for the right issue upon which to cast down the MacDonald government and the right moment to appeal to the country. Both Conservatives and Liberals hope that the government is losing prestige because of its failure to solve the problem of unemployment. Contrariwise, Labor members hope that a general election will greatly increase their strength in Parliament. MacDonald's challenge to Baldwin, the pressure on Philip Snowden to make a popular budget, the narrow squeak, followed by the defeat, of the government on the coal bill, the growing intensity of the Opposition's attack—these lead to the belief that Britons will soon be wetting their pencils in polling booths. The Labor government will have been in power a year in May. While there may be a new Labor government after the next general election, the way to bet is that this one will never see its second birthday.

▶▶*New York's Red-Hunt*

FOR A FEW DAYS after the Communist demonstration of March 6, Red-hunting in New York City threatened to become a popular sport, with Police Commissioner Whalen as chief popularizer. A day or two after the riot the Commissioner was quoted as saying that his department maintained an elaborate espionage system among the Communists, that secret service men went to the Union Square demonstration as Reds, incited policemen to violence, sang Communist songs, and carried placards demanding the overthrow of the Government. Two days later he supplied employers with the names of 300 Communists among their employees. All 300, it was announced, would be discharged. To top things off, he declared that he was co-operating with educators to rid the schools of young Communist agitators among the pupils. Apparently he had never heard that provocative agents, police espionage of political parties, and police censorship of political beliefs are usually considered hateful.

For four or five days the Red-hunt went pretty well. The New York City Chamber of Commerce even started a militant fight against "the Communist menace," whatever that is, and advocated that employers discharge their Communist workers. Then, suddenly, the sport began to pale and many of the spectators to boo. Newspapers warned against an attack of anti-Red hysteria. Superintendent of Schools O'Shea declared that no pupil would be ousted for participating in Communist demonstrations. Bystanders remarked that there were probably more gangsters than Communists in New York and that the former stood in greater need of police supervision. The American Civil Liberties Union took steps to stop abuses of power by police officials, "who in riding rough over Communists have ridden over the law too." Eighteen professors at the Columbia Law School denounced the black-listing of Communists by the police. If the persons named to employers are not accused of crime, they said, "the reported procedure of the police is indefensible. If they are accused of crime, their right is to a public accusation and a trial of their guilt."

Eventually, even Commissioner Whalen seemed to grasp the essential point in all this, namely, that civil rights and liberties, having been won at bitter cost, are highly valued and may not be lightly disregarded.

So, unless something happens to popularize it all over again, the latest Red-hunt seems slated to be speedily forgotten. New York may therefore congratulate itself. While it plainly started to fall for the familiar sport of Red-baiting like any Zenith or Middletown, at least it quickly recovered its balance.

Remarkable Remarks

What a disgraceful scene would have ensued, [in Union Square, New York, March 6] what disorder and damage and perhaps explosions might have occurred, had not the great army of blue been there with courage and force to repel the attack of these traitors.—POLICE COMMISSIONER GROVER WHALEN.

Something is wrong with everything.—PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

My life has been one long happy holiday.—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR.

The sheer pleasure of living has decreased appallingly.—JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER.

Many a girl wrecks a home and orphans children and ruins the lives of a man and a woman just for sport. —DOROTHY DIX.

No really loving wife wants her husband to remain long a widower. —ELEANOR MERCEIN.

The observations of Byrd and Amundsen in the north verify again the reports I made of what I found at the Pole.—DR. FREDERICK A. COOK.

If I were to say what I am going to do next, my remarks would cause a sensation.—REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD.

In prohibition days the wise man drinks water, sarsaparilla, tea or ginger ale which do not bite like a serpent or sting like an adder.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Hosts and hostesses have only to be less childish . . . and there will be an end to the strangest alliance our country has ever seen—the alliance between liquor interests and ladies—MRS. RICHARD ALDRICH.

We estimate that in 1935 Liberty will have the largest magazine circulation in the world.—ROBERT R. MCCORMICK—JOSEPH M. PATTERSON.

▶▶*In Brief*

PRIMO DE RIVERA dies of diabetes six weeks after resigning from one of the most dangerous jobs in the world. Sometimes life's little ironies are sharp enough to seem downright deliberate. . . . . Study of the Caribbean war games has convinced high officers in the United States Navy that this country needs more cruisers. For a fraction of a second we had feared our naval officers might come right out for fewer cruisers and smaller ones. . . . One of Mexico City's leading dailies has announced its intention of eliminating crime news, except, one assumes, for the regular daily report describing the assassination of a president. . . . That new trans-Neptunian planet, now, what a fine place that would have been for Professor Irving Fisher to visit right after Wall Street confounded his best predictions. . . . Sir Henry Segrave, long holder of the world's automobile speed record, has been fined for driving at forty-five miles an hour. Somehow the magistrate preserved a straight face while inflicting the penalty implying that Sir Henry is more dangerous driving at forty-five than the average motorist driving at twenty. . . . A few days after the Byrd expedition landed in New Zealand, this report came from Dunedin: "Bernt Balchen and Dean Smith are in North Island and have gone to Lake Taupo for trout fishing." Probably the boys just got sick and tired of the everlasting crowds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE FEAR that no third party or leader will emerge from the political morass in which Democrats, Progressives and Republicans are mired on Capitol Hill. For a while we shared the suspicion of numerous observers that the bugles were sounding the call to another Armageddon, in which the Hon. William Edgar Borah would marshal the nation's moralists, but we no longer entertain the idea. Though it may be a surprise to the general public, it is no secret here that Mr. Borah has again been toying with the thought of the presidency. We understand that he has disclosed his dreams to his intimates, and was merely awaiting for events to shape themselves so as to make him the logical candidate on a ticket that would appeal to drys, farmers, Progressives and sundry other sorehead groups throughout the country. We doubt very much if Mr. Borah himself was hopeful of any success other than the possible election of a Democrat, as in 1912, and the scare which his candidacy would throw into the conservative and dominant wing of his own party. The important consideration, from a practical standpoint, is that the Idaho sage, after three decades of hoping for the best, has apparently concluded that he cannot count on the G. O. P. to embrace his kind of liberalism. In view of the high place Mr. Borah holds in the nation's esteem, that decision in itself is one of first political magnitude, even though he does not follow through.

He can, in our opinion, hardly be blamed if he was fooled into thinking the hour had come for him to strike. Not in many years has the Progressive bloc in the Senate been so strong or had so much influence in legislative affairs. In the group which he has headed are a score of Senators from a dozen states, and it was, perhaps, quite natural for him to conclude that they reflected a spirit of revolt. Moreover, he has seen his party taken over by the Mellons, the Grundys, the Binghams, the Hustons and others whom he regards as the agents for selfish and reactionary interests. He himself, who had more to do than any other individual with placing the Republicans in power, has become an outcast, and though it is the rôle he prefers, since it permits him to go his own rebellious way, he likes to walk out rather than be thrown out of the party's show. These, then, are the reasons why Mr. Borah, we are told, has again been seeing visions.

There were other reasons, too—enough to lead any man to gaze upon the promised White House. For a full year the Senator has been the most influential individual on Capitol Hill, and it seemed that he had, more than in other eventful years, earned the title of "minister without portfolio." His after-

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch
At the wailing wall

noon conferences with the press have been more popular than the bi-weekly meetings with President Hoover. His mail has been, without a doubt, as heavy as President Hoover's. He has exerted more influence in certain respects than Cabinet members and their departments. When the State Department declined to intervene on behalf of the twelve rabbis imprisoned in Russia, Mr. Borah did—and got results. When tourists were told that they could not get a passport to Russia from our Government, they discovered that a letter of introduction from this Senator from a remote western state would win them an audience with Soviet officials. When a citizen felt called upon to protest or praise a certain Administration policy, he sat down and wrote to Mr. Borah. Newspaper articles emanating from his office to the effect that the Senate would undoubtedly oppose a consultative pact in the interest of French security had a profound effect on the naval conference at London. His denunciation of dry law enforcement conditions caused a panic among professional prohibitionists, got him a luncheon at the White House—his last, by the way—and stirred up the Wickershamites. Thus with such a string of happy accomplishments to place him before the public eye, the year 1929, we imagine, was the happiest in his public career, and, for one who had become an acknowledged outcast, he cut quite a figure. Moreover, we feel quite sure that he got a malicious sort of pleasure from the fact that President Hoover has obviously been upset by his pranks, whereas Calvin Coolidge, with his characteristic imperturbable calm, never seemed to notice them.

According to the latest reports, however, all indications are that there is no more dejected figure on Capitol Hill than Mr. Borah. There is, we note, less vigor in his stride and he seems to have lost heart; the martial mien of the early days of the session has disappeared, and a dark cloud of depression envelops him. And good reason he has to be depressed, his great issue—the tariff—having been stolen from him through the machinations of "Uncle Joe" Grundy, the Senator from Pennsylvania. Mr. Grundy rather than Mr. Borah has written the 1930 tariff bill, and the latter knows it. The coalition which Senator Borah had nursed for a twelve-month collapsed when the fight reached the crucial stage. His own followers joined the log-rolling and vote-trading gang, and, though they may have forgotten the issues and ideals upon which the new party was to be founded, they got their duties on sugar and cement and wool. A tariff in hand, they apparently figured, was worth a Borah in the presidential bush, and, thinking on the gentleman's strange behavior in previous presidential years, we cannot blame them. The lobby issue is gone, too, since Democrats and Progressives have come off no better than Grundy, Bingham and Huston. No group of men has been more damaged by the lobby inquiry than the members of the Senate themselves. Mr. Borah has come to the same conclusion. A. F. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Uncle Sam, Grain Trader

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

The action of the Federal Farm Board in entering the wheat market as a buyer of futures has established a new precedent for putting the Government into business. The consequences, Mr. Scroggs thinks, may be revolutionary

FEW DEVELOPMENTS in Washington in recent years have provoked so much discussion in financial circles as has the action of the Federal Farm Board in entering the wheat market as a buyer of futures. Hardly had word gone forth of this new departure before the board's critics were citing the President's message to the special session of Congress called a year ago to consider farm relief. The President said: "No governmental agency should engage in the buying and selling and price-fixing of products, for such courses can lead only to bureaucracy and domination. Government funds should not be loaned or facilities duplicated where other services of credit and facilities are available at reasonable rates."

What the Federal Farm Board has done since last October is hardly in conformity with this policy. When the board was established it was empowered to facilitate orderly marketing by promoting the establishment and financing of farmer-owned co-operative marketing associations. A revolving fund of $500,000,000 was provided for this purpose, of which $150,000,000 was made available for the current fiscal year. The main object was to check the tendency of farmers to rush their crops to market as soon as harvested and to sell them at the least favorable season. The co-operatives would receive the produce of their members and advance them a substantial portion of the cash value, so that they could meet their bills without being forced to sell in a weak market. The co-operatives would then feed their holdings into the market gradually and thereby obtain better prices than prevailed immediately after the harvest.

When the Farm Board made its plans for handling the wheat crop of 1929 in this way it seemed to face a comparatively easy task. The world production in 1928 had broken all previous records, and because of the heavy carry-over the price a short time before the board was organized had fallen below a dollar a bushel. This situation, however, appeared to be temporary. It soon became evident that the new crops in both Canada and the United States would be short. By midsummer, partly because of the lower yields in prospect and partly because of the creation of the Farm Board for financing a gigantic holding movement, the price of wheat had risen about fifty per cent above the low point reached in May. But this buoyancy was short-lived. The large carry-over from 1928 again made its influence felt. Although the crops in the United States, Canada and Argentina had fallen below expectations, Europe had produced one of the largest crops in its history.

There was consequently a slight recession during the early autumn from the high prices of midsummer, but there seemed to be nothing in the situation to cause apprehension. Meantime, the Farm Board had set up its machinery to promote the orderly marketing of wheat and other commodities, and it soon discovered that it occupied no bed of roses. Its suggestions to wheat and cotton growers that its ability to aid them would depend in part on their willingness to reduce their output provoked a storm of protest.

IN OCTOBER, when prices continued to recede, the board was subjected to still further criticism, and it was tauntingly reminded of the fact that prices were lower then than they had been before the board was created. Then came the first step in a new policy which seemed somewhat at variance with that announced by President Hoover in his message to Congress in April. The board in a formal statement declared that in its opinion the prices of wheat and of cotton were too low, and it announced that it would lend on wheat held by co-operatives at $1.18 per bushel in Chicago and at $1.25 in Minneapolis. The cotton co-operatives were also promised advances averaging sixteen cents per pound.

These were approximately the prices at which cotton and wheat were then selling in the open market. If the prices held at these levels or went higher the Board would have reason to claim that its policy had been vindicated; but if prices broke, what then? And the price of wheat did break. By the end of January wheat was selling in Chicago at ten or eleven cents below the board's lending figure, toward the end of February it took a sudden drop one day to twenty cents below that point. There were reports that wheat was actually being bought in Chicago at the open-market price and shipped back into the country to co-operatives.

The Farm Board found it desirable to avail itself of a provision of the law authorizing the creation of stabilization corporations, empowered to buy up surplus farm products and sell them, if necessary, at a loss to the Government. A Grain Stabilization Corporation was therefore organized under a state charter, and it proceeded to take over the wheat held by the co-operatives, not at the current market price but at the loan values previously fixed by the board. The result was two markets, one for co-operatives and one for private traders, one in which the price was fixed by the Farm Board and one in which it was subject to variations in supply and demand.

The next step, and the one which has evoked the most comment, came on February 26. On that day the price of wheat for March delivery dropped to 98¾ cents. The board thereupon entered the market, through its stabilization corporation, and began to buy wheat in large quantities for future delivery. The outright purchase of wheat by the Government—for this, in effect, is what such action amounts to—gave a decided shock to conservative business folk, but what shocked them still more was the Government's buying at one price from private traders and at a price averaging about fifteen cents higher from the co-operatives. This provoked so much criticism that the board discontinued its purchases from the co-operatives at an arbitrary price. The board has acted on the assumption that the price of wheat will eventually improve and that it will be able to avoid a loss. Time alone can reveal whether it has guessed right or wrong. In any event, it has established a new precedent for putting the Government into business, and the effects may prove to be revolutionary.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Load of Fur Coats

The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief

By JOHN COFFEY

The author's mother died while he was in jail, and he went to her funeral handcuffed to a prison guard. When he had completed his sentence he found work in a printing shop, but his father's contemptuous references to his small wages sent him back to shoplifting. This is the eighth instalment of "Thief's Progress"

I FOUND the county jail, at Holmesburg, a pleasant place after the workhouse. It was new and clean and didn't smell; neither did the extremely plain fare, nor the tin plates and pans and cups it was served in; the daily noonday soup had a natural color, and I found it appetizing and nourishing, and seldom noticed any maggots in it.

My cell was large—twelve to fourteen feet long, six feet wide, and had an arched ceiling about ten feet high at the center, with two four-inch-wide windowed openings which let in light and air. It had two doors; an inner one of steel bars, and a wooden outer one that slid open. The outer door had a peephole, through which the guard could see if one lay down between 7 A. M. and 6 P. M. In a corner was a toilet hopper which was flushed several times a day. The guard in charge of the cell-block, on taking me to my cell, told me I could get a library book every Tuesday; he said I'd be lucky to get a job, because there was work for only a few, and long-termers usually got the preference. "You ain't got much chance if you're doing only a year," he said, sliding the outer door shut, and locking it. I turned and looked around the cell and then through the year ahead. "Well, a light, clean, roomy tomb, and I'll be dead only a year; no, I forgot; only ten months; I'll get two months off for good time. Let's see; I started the 19th of January; that'll mean November 19. A good time for selling fur coats."

Tuesday came and I gave to the guard the list of library books I preferred, *The Origin of Species* topping the list. I had thought that getting Darwin's facts, as well as his ideas, fully and clearly into my mind, and then thinking them over thoroughly, would occupy me more completely and to better advantage than anything else I might do. In the afternoon I heard the noise of a hand-truck coming down the corridor; doors were slid open and shut; and I heard the guard say to some one, "Library book." I stood at my door waiting, intending to look at my book quickly to see if it was *The Origin of Species,* and if it wasn't before the guard could close the door, I'd ask the library fellow pushing the truck to see that I'd get it the following Tuesday. When the guard handed in the book it was *The Origin of Species,* and I looked out to smile thanks to the library fellow. The door closed with us gaping at each other. The library fellow was Frank, the Cuban I had met in my first time at the reformatory, and who had aroused in me more friendship than any one else ever had. The excitement of seeing him, and the hope that sprang up in me that I'd get a job in the library with him, made me forget Darwin the rest of the afternoon. I waited with excited expectancy for the note he'd be sure to send me as soon as possible.

The note came just after supper, and with it another book—*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,* by George Meredith. The note was short. He was doing eighteen months for forgery, and with three months off for good behavior would get out early in November. There was another forgery charge against him that would take him to Brooklyn when his time was up. How long was I doing and what for, he asked. He'd send me paper and pencil to write him. Another fellow working in the library was due to go out soon, and he'd surely get the library guard to get me for the job.

My feeling rose to exuberance at the new prospect before me. Whatever else might happen, from now on Frank and I would remain in touch with each other; we'd have the enjoyment and support of each other's friendship throughout the future. Whatever else we might not have, that couldn't be taken from us. Together, we'd be many times more value to each of us, than either, alone, could be to himself.

The days and weeks following went by fast. Frank sent me so many books that I had to write him not to send more until I asked for them; keeping seven books covered from the guard's eye was a hard problem. Frank wrote encouragingly of his efforts to persuade the library guard to get me for the prospective job there. A third fellow in the library also was trying to get a friend of his in the job, but Frank said the guard liked him much better and would surely take me.

From day to day, many times, in the midst of reading, or while I walked back and forth, I felt and thought of the approach of my mother's death. Each time I tried to reason myself into resignation to its inevitability. There was no escape from it; when it came, whatever it would do to me, how it would make me feel, would have to happen. I wrote home saying none of the family for the future should have the least feeling in my favor, the least sympathy for me, under any circumstances; that I had completely forfeited any such thing, and must expect them to find the troubles and sorrows of their own as much as they could and should think of.

My favorite sister replied. Whatever any one thought or felt about me, and no matter what I might do or where I might be, she said, she'd never go back on me. St. Augustine's mother had prayed for him for twenty years before he changed, and she was ready to do the same for me. However long it might take me, she knew I'd come through with flying colors some day. She said our mother had been sinking steadily since I left home, and couldn't last many days longer. Most of the time she was in a stupor from exhaustion, from which she'd arouse herself at intervals. She had noticed I hadn't been coming in to see her, and had asked where I was. They had made some excuse each time, but she seemed to be asking so regularly for me they thought she suspected something had happened. I needn't be afraid they'd tell her, because they could easily put her off and turn her attention to something else.

A few days later, on February 23, I was brought from my cell and given my "outside" clothes. I was told my mother had died and that I'd be taken to see her body. I felt chilled after the news,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but experienced no other feeling or sensation. A detective, sent from the office of the District Attorney who had consented to my visit home, and a prison guard accompanied me. The guard had handcuffed one of my wrists, and held the other cuff in his hand. The trip seemed quite pointless to me, but I felt it would be equally pointless to protest against it, so I went along, indifferent to the chill, and unthinking and unfeeling about everything else.

After a short ride by train, and a long one by trolley, we reached the house and went in. The body hadn't been prepared yet for exhibition, so we went upstairs and sat in the room where my mother had lain so long sick. The guard removed my handcuff. I talked with my sisters and brothers, answering questions they asked but asking none myself and saying nothing more. My father came in after a little while. He was very drunk, and pulled a bottle from his pocket and offered the detective and the guard a drink. They refused, because they were on duty, so he took one himself, drinking from the bottle, saying, "Don't blame me; I'm off duty—absent on leave; I haven't lost a day through drink in thirty-five years. I work in the postoffice; for the Federal Government." His tone seemed to imply that the Federal Government was much more important than the county government for which the detective and the guard worked. He went on to tell them, pointing at me, "That boy there—I'll put him up against any one you produce—for brightness. Get some one from the Halls of Congress if you want to; I'll bar no one against him. The Halls of Congress is where he ought to be, in place of where he is. I'll not go back on you, boy," he said to me, "I'll put you in Congress yet."

He staggered over to me and reached out his hand to mine and shook it. He leaned closer to me and whispered "Did James tell you?" "Yes," I said, not knowing what he meant but thinking it didn't matter. I told him he ought to take a few more drinks and then go to bed, that he looked tired and must need rest. "Will you do what James told you?" he whispered. Still ignorant of what he meant I said "Sure," and repeated that he ought to drink a little more and go to bed. "I'll go," he said, and he staggered out of the room, but I saw him going downstairs instead of to his room. My sister came beside me on the couch where I sat, and I asked her if Pa had told James to tell me to do something. She said in a low voice that when he had heard I was to come home and see the body he had planned to have me escape, by going out the back parlor window, which reached to the floor and through which I could make a quick dash. He had made them leave the window open for me, and close the lace curtains to cover it. The idea nearly made me laugh, especially because it had originated with him; but immediately I realized that it showed how demoralized he had become. My sister wanted to know if I intended to do it. "Don't be silly," I assured her; "the front pages of the newspapers would tell how her thief-son had escaped when he was brought from prison to see her body before she was buried. If I did do it I'd go straight back to prison myself; freedom wouldn't mean anything to me now even if I could gain it through escape."

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

BY THE THEATRE
An etching by Irving Wolfson

After waiting a while longer everything was ready and we all went downstairs. "Very dramatic," I thought; "the black-sheep is brought from prison for a last look at his dead mother, whom he made so miserable. He throws himself upon the body and asks forgiveness."

Looking at the body for several moments left me feelingless. Some one in the circle around asked, "Doesn't she look fine?" "Quite dead," I felt like saying, but remained silent. I stood waiting for some one to ask me to come away; I had no tears to show. My sisters began crying, but I couldn't join them. I wanted to get away, but had to stay and look at the body. I noticed the hands and thought of the work they had done. I put my hands over them and held them. "She did a lot of work," I said; "her full share; nothing can undo it." The thought pleased me, and I took my hands from hers and after telling my sisters they shouldn't cry I told the guard I was ready, so we went upstairs to get our hats and overcoats. The guard said he'd trust me without the handcuff on me on the way back. I thanked him and we started. I said good-bye to everybody at the door, and started to turn away when I saw my father coming through the hall. I thought he might still want me to escape and urge me to do it, so I said "good-bye, Pa" while he was several feet away, and turned and went down the steps and into the cab my brother had ordered. The cab started before he could reach it. "You're always welcome, boy," he shouted after us. I told the guard and detective how fine he was, and how hard he had worked all his life. They said I ought to do the same thing when I'd get out.

Back at the prison, instead of being returned to the cell I had been in, I was put in with another prisoner. He told

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me the idea of doing it was to keep me from committing suicide. I laughed and told him he needn't be afraid I'd do it, but that I was glad they were afraid I might because it gave both of us some one to talk to. He said he'd been without a cell-partner for nine months, and sometimes had wished the place would get overcrowded so they'd have to double-up in every cell. There was space for us to walk back and forth side-by-side, so we did and talked. During a silence he began humming, and I asked if he could sing. He sang several songs in a good voice, but had to keep low so the guard at the end of the corridor couldn't hear. I enjoyed his company for three weeks.

He was an intelligent Jewish fellow from New York City. As a kid he had been one of a neighborhood gang that had stolen things from pushcarts; when he grew up he became a full-fledged shoplifter. He was twenty-eight, and this was his fourth prison term. Between terms he had had some good runs of success, but he had been a sap kid and had never held on to any money. He intended to make one more shoplifting tour of the country when he got out, and then open a store somewhere that would give him a living. He couldn't see working for somebody else at low wages for long hours and always being scared of losing your job. Some of the fellows he had ganged with when he was a kid had taken jobs and stuck to them and then got married and had kids; but they'd had a worse life than he'd had, even counting his four times in jail. They had to get up early and come home late, too tired to enjoy themselves even if they had a chance. They were always afraid to spend any money; but even so were always getting into debt and worrying about it. Most of them would have to send their kids out to work as soon as they were big enough, and start the kids walking the same treadmill as themselves, instead of giving them an education and a real chance. No; he'd never walk a treadmill; and he was glad he'd never started doing it. And if he ever had a kid he'd teach him to steal before working for anybody else, unless he was sure of an easy job that paid a lot of money. Didn't I agree with him?

Not exactly, I said, remembering Shelley. If everybody got together they could have what they'd need to live without any one having to do drudgery, and every one would have time and energy to enjoy himself. "That's socialism," he said; "that's against human nature. I believe in every one for himself. I don't ask odds of anybody. I'll get mine." I didn't try arguing with him, but wanted to thrash the question out, and decided to do it with Frank when I got with him in the library. He had written me that everything had been fixed with the library guard and that I'd get the job as soon as the fellow left whose place I was to take.

Frank had persuaded the guard not only to give me the job, but also to make me his cell-mate. And he was good friends with the prisoner who cooked the guards' food, so that we always banqueted leisurely on choice food in the library, to the accompaniment of interesting conversation. Our work took little time, so we usually had several hours during the day, as well as in the evening, for talking and reading.

As the days and weeks went by I thought little about my own future, feeling that it was useless for me to make any plans about it. The library guard also had charge of the small print shop across the corridor from the library. I asked to help with the typesetting and presswork whenever there was a job to do, and he let me do it; but there was too little work to allow me to become very proficient at any particular kind. I told myself it didn't matter whether I became proficient or not, because I wouldn't have much chance of getting a decent job anyhow, and I didn't intend to repeat my performance of hanging on to a worthless job for months before starting to steal; I'd either get a job worth having in a short time or I'd step right out and steal. I wouldn't give a damn which happened.

Seven weeks from the end of my time I lost the library job; the laundry guard caught me giving tobacco to a prisoner working under him. I was put alone in a cell in one of the cell-blocks of "non-workers." The change meant little to me; my time was too short for it to affect me. Frank sent me the books I asked for, but I was indifferent about extra food and told him not to send any. I got a sufficient tobacco supply from a plumber's helper who was installing new toilets in the cells. He carried a note from me to the home of the telephone girls I had visited several times shortly before my arrest. I asked them to send me some tobacco and inquired how every one was, including Frances. They sent the tobacco and Frances sent her very best regards.

Each week and day nearer the end passed more slowly than the one before. Frank's day, November 6, came; he wrote he'd be sure to send a letter to my home telling me what was happening to him, and what he thought would be best for me to try to do.

November 19 came at last. In the office, after I was dressed to go, I received three letters that had been withheld from me, and one dollar which the county provided to finance my return to freedom. The guard led me out and said "Good luck," as he opened the front gate and I passed through. "I'm free," I told myself, trying to feel thrilled, but no thrill came. After a minute I found myself standing without a thought of doing anything or going anywhere. I laughed at myself and told myself I must think of somewhere to go or something to do. "I'll go home, I guess," I decided and started to walk toward the street-car line. I remembered the three letters I had received, and took them from my pocket. They were from Helen; she had written them soon after I was sentenced. The earliest said she was heart-broken, that she felt she could have made things different if she had acted in time. Her one thought now would be the day of my release; she wanted me to come straight to her and she'd do anything I'd ask her. She was sending me a box of cigars and a carton of cigarettes, and would send anything else I'd want if I'd let her know what, and she wanted to know how and when she could come to see me. The second letter said the cigars and cigarettes had been returned to her, and she was waiting to hear what she'd be permitted to send me or do for me; I must write her as soon as I could. The third letter, written a month after the second, said I could do as I wanted about writing her; she was through caring about everybody and everything. I decided that after going home I'd go down town and look her up and tell her why she hadn't heard from me; I'd do everything I could to defeat the purpose the prison officials had in keeping her letters from me.

Instead of going home I went downtown to Helen's. She had moved months before. At a restaurant where she had usually eaten, and at a cabaret, she hadn't been seen for a long time. I decided to inquire further later, and went home.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My two younger sisters were the only ones home. They cried and were glad to see me. Wouldn't I please stay home this time and not go away any more? I said I would, if Pa wanted me to stay. I asked how he was. He had been drinking a lot since Ma died, and had been fighting with my older sisters and brother because they wouldn't give him all their wages; they had decided just to pay their board and keep the rest, because if they gave it to him he'd spend it for drink. He had put a $2,000 mortgage on the house and as far as they knew he had spent it for drink; he had said he'd not leave any of them any of the money he'd earned and saved. He'd been sent home from the post-office twice when he had gone to work drunk, and had been warned that the next time would be the last.

The news hit me hard; I felt his disappointment in me, more than anything else, had been making him feel and act as he had been doing. Even if I didn't and couldn't have any hope or give a damn about my own future, at least I ought for his sake to stay home and make an effort to get a job. It wouldn't matter what kind of a job I got or how much money I earned if I could lessen his discouragement a little.

I went out and phoned to Moyamensing Prison, to find out if Frank was there. He wasn't, and their records didn't show that any one of his name had been there during the past two weeks. I decided he must have waived extradition and gone straight to New York from Holmesburg. I wrote him a note asking him to write me, and sent it in care of the Department of Correction of New York.

Not many minutes after I returned home my father came in. As he went through the hall past the door of the parlor where I sat, I noticed that he walked unsteadily. Before following him out to the kitchen I hesitated a minute, wondering how he would greet me. On reaching the parlor door I heard my sister say "John's home." "Is he?" he asked; "does he want to be a boarder, too?" I walked out and said "Hello, Pa." "Hello, boy; back again, eh?" "Yes, Pa." "How long do you plan to stay this time?" he asked. "As long as you want me, Pa," I said.

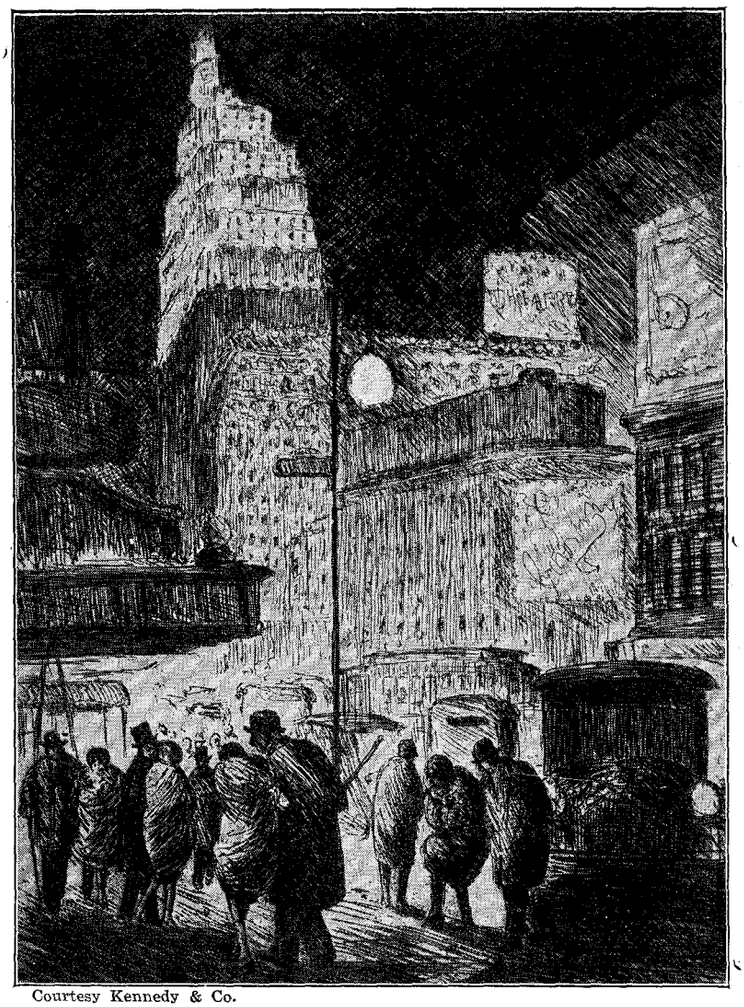
"This isn't a home any more," he said; "it's a boarding house. Your brothers and sisters, except the two youngest, have all turned against me. All they want to do is pay their board, and damned little for that. Who paid their board from the time they were a foot high? Who sent them through school so they could all get decent jobs? Who kept them in clothes and shoes when they couldn't take care of themselves? Who walked through snow waist-deep, three or four times a night, every night for seventeen winters, back and forth from the tannery in the wilds of Oswayo, to keep a fire going so they wouldn't be cold while they slept? Now they want to pay their board. If I didn't think that angel in heaven wants me to keep a home for ye, I'd take the two youngest and let ye go ahead and pay your board, somewhere else, if paying board is what ye want. This is your home if you want to stay; I'll foot the bills as long as I can stand on my two feet, whether you go or stay, whether you work or don't work; but if you stay and want to give me any money don't tell me it's for board. If it's board you want to pay, I'd rather you gave it to somebody else. I don't need it."

"I haven't said anything about paying board, Pa," I said. "I know you haven't, but if you ever do want to propose it, you have my answer," he said. I felt a little like laughing at his last remark, but I wanted to mollify him, and tried to keep my face straight. "I won't ever propose it," I said. "I hope not," he said; "this is your home; stay or go just as you like; it'll make no difference to me either way; I'm independent of the whole lot of ye, in every respect."

I felt it was useless to try to say any more until he was sober. I understood his feeling, but I also understood how my brothers and sisters felt about keeping some of their wages to spend, and I was glad not to be involved in the controversy. I felt my influence at the moment to be too slight to enable me to accomplish anything, but I decided to speak frankly to my father some day when he was sober and his confidence in me had been renewed. I told myself the situation was a good thing for me because it provided me with an interest that would keep me at home.

My brothers and sisters, when they came home from work, gave me a friendly greeting. After supper my brothers suggested that I go with them to the church hall. They said several of the fellows there had told them to be sure to bring me around when I came

(Please Turn to Page 516)



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

BROADWAY AT NIGHT
An etching by Irving Wolfson

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ah, Your Skyscrapers!"

By T. R. YBARRA

THAT GIFTED French writer, Paul Morand, made a speech recently, at a meeting of the American Club of Paris, that must have had a devastating effect both on the other Frenchmen present and on the "plus royaliste que le roi" type of Americans—of whom there were undoubtedly some on hand, since they are to be found wherever Americans congregate in Europe. By this type of Americans I mean those who can see no good in America; those who, in W. S. Gilbert's words, "love every century but this and every country but their own."

There they sat—smug, consciously cultured—waiting for M. Morand to say something subtly Gallic about American crudeness and European smoothness. Instead—ah, how certain faces must have paled, certain throats choked!—the author of *Ouvert la Nuit* brazenly told his hearers:

Those looking for culture and the gentle art of living are wasting their time in Europe.

Europe now has all the drawbacks of standardization and none of its advantages.

New York is the one place of all others where people can lead a "superior life," a life comprising "good manners, picture galleries, Parisian frocks, good conversation, good plays, good wines, and the strategy of love."

"Paris is suitable for old and lazy people and, maybe, for artists!" continued the shameless M. Morand—while the above-mentioned faces grew paler and the aforesaid throats chokier—"We still speak of art as European, we still speak of our old Masters, but where are they? They are going to New York, and, with the help of the antique dealers, in fifty years Europe will be a kind of Middle West, and Salt Lake City, no doubt, will become the land of treasures, as Italy has been! New York now has the world's great actors, musicians and entertainers. Everywhere are beautiful libraries, full of the rarest editions. Everywhere are cultured women. America, during the rest of this century, will possess a culture of its own."

As the speaker concluded his remarks and sat down, several American expatriates were carried from the room in a dead faint and several others had to be restrained by fellow-guests and waiters from rushing up to M. Morand and landing a blow on his jaw—at least I feel sure that this happened, although it was hushed up in the versions of the affair cabled from Paris to America. Why, it *must* have happened—anybody who knows how certain members of American "colonies" abroad feel about such things will bear me out in this.

To such Americans, M. Morand placed himself hopelessly beyond the pale. What they wanted, when they went to hear him at that dinner, was to have him tell them that New York was full of energy and skyscrapers, pretty women and dynamic force, but—ah, que voulez-vous?—utterly devoid of the je-ne-sais-quoi and esprit which make for beauty and culture. Instead of that, he said what he did!

WELL, in order to calm their agitation and to reinstate M. Morand as much as possible in their good graces, they should read his book, *New York*, which is just out.

He likes New York, he admires Americans, he "gets," more than most foreigners do, the rhythm and verve of Manhattan, but, nevertheless, he confesses that we are not for him.

"I love New York because it is the greatest city in the world," he writes, "and because it is inhabited by the strongest people, the only people who have succeeded in organizing themselves after the War, the only ones who are not living on the credit of their past, the only ones—besides the Italians—who are not demolishing but, on the contrary, know how to construct. The sporting instinct makes every student in a history class wish that he might have been a Spaniard in the sixteenth century, an Englishman in the eighteenth, a Frenchman at Austerlitz—a like enthusiasm makes us desire today, at least for a few moments, to be Americans. Who does not love victory?

"And yet . . . "

Whereupon M. Morand makes his profession of faith, arousing a suspicion that, in his recent speech, he had his tongue in his cheek:

"Formerly, every time that my telephone refused to function, I wished that Paris resembled New York. Today I no longer wish it. . . . I wrote, a few years ago: 'France has no hope except to become American or Bolshevik.' Now, however, I think we should do all in our power to avoid these two precipices. . . . Better be a city frankly out of fashion, like London, than a New York that has missed fire, like Berlin or Moscow."

There! "Richard is himself again." M. Morand is worthy once more of having his hand grasped by Americans who have fled across the Atlantic from their crass homeland in order to find art and beauty and culture!

Which brings us to another consideration.

M. Morand's book, though written with animation and sincerity and snap, falls into a groove. It belongs to a school of writing which tends, more and more, to "date." One might call writers who do this sort of book on America the "Ah, your skyscrapers!" school. For, despite all the endeavors of Messrs. Morand et Compagnie to dig into the American soul, they never really get beyond "Ah, your skyscrapers!" And one cannot help feeling, with each successive addition to their works, that it should be the Swan-Song of the school.

Before, in our humility, obsessed by our incurable American inferiority complex, we used to think that if all a Frenchman saw in New York was skyscrapers, New York had nothing else worthy of note. Now, in our newfound suspicion that Europeans mix, with their sensible remarks, a good deal of nonsense, we cannot help thinking that, if all a Frenchman sees in New York is skyscrapers, he should have his eyes—and skull—examined. To describe New York in terms of its high buildings is like describing a Rembrandt painting by telling how many square inches of canvas it is painted on, and how many pints of paint were used, or like explaining the nature of a Beethoven symphony by stating the number of notes it contains!

Paul Bourget and Max O'Rell and—saving his presence—Paul Morand, have had their day as analyzers and elucidators of the Spirit of New York. M. Morand's *New York* may be literature—but it is not New York!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Football Parity

The Army vs. the Navy

By GEORGE TREVOR

WHEN ADMIRALS and generals disagree, the man in the street loses a football game. Now our hypothetical friend, beloved of office-seekers, rarely managed to buy an Army-Navy football ticket, but to hear his lusty squawks since the Service schools broke off athletic relations you'd suppose that his deprivation was vital.

Their fingers on the public pulse, canny politicians are agitating for a renewal of the Army-Navy game as though this private matter of sports policy ranked with such problems as farm relief, prohibition, and the tariff.

Congressman Edwards has introduced a bill at Washington to prevent West Point and Annapolis from meeting collegiate rivals until the two academies resume gridiron relations with each other. Assemblyman Higgins is sponsoring a "kiss and make up" bill at Albany. Representatives Fred Britten and Hamilton Fish lose no opportunity to spread the Army-Navy feud on the Congressional Record. Pressure has even been brought upon President Hoover to act as a dictatorial mediator in the Service dispute and club the wranglers into shaking hands—a rôle which he has discreetly declined.

Disparity of entrance age limits is the crux of the Army-Navy controversy. A boy is eligible to enter Annapolis between the ages of 16 and 20. Admission to West Point is from 18 to 22 years of age—a margin of two years in Army's favor. It follows logically that Annapolis is automatically prevented from enrolling college graduates in anything like the proportion that West Point can attract. Only the exceptional student earns a college degree before he attains his twentieth birthday. It is likewise true that however much Annapolis may have desired to enlist boys who had had some collegiate football experience, the lower age limit made it impossible to compete with West Point for such athletic types.

Since General MacArthur's régime, West Point, through its R. O. T. C. instructors, has encouraged university students, preferably athletically inclined youngsters, to apply for appointments. The World War demonstrated that athletes, endowed with natural gifts of leadership, made excellent officer material. At the present time, college trained men, not necessarily graduates, comprise 44 per cent of West Point's enrollment. Obviously, the introduction of the three year rule, restricting athletes to three seasons of varsity competition, would disenfranchise a considerable proportion of West Point's athletic manpower.

To offset the age disparity, Annapolis has a decided numerical advantage. The normal enrollment is 2000 at the Naval Academy as against West Point's personnel of 1200. This preponderance of numbers should cancel the age difference, but in recent years God seems to have been on the side of the older rather than the heavier battalions.

How did this academic version of the Hatfield-McCoy feud start? In October, 1926, Army and Navy signed a four year contract to play football games. Eligibility was not mentioned anywhere in this agreement. Navy claims that there was an unwritten understanding between the academies which would permit either one to inject the question of eligibility. Army denies this.

At all events Admiral Nulton, formerly superintendent of the Naval Academy, adopted the three year rule to take effect in July, 1928, and issued an ultimatum to West Point, which concluded: "rejection of the eligibility feature will be considered as rejection of the contract."

West Point refused to adopt the three year rule, the Superintendent making it clear that while Army would release Navy from its obligation, he construed Navy's action as a breach of contract and would not consider the agreement "canceled by mutual consent."

Why did Annapolis insist on the three year ruling? This safeguard was adopted by leading universities to curb evils purely collegiate in nature. It was aimed at the migratory or "tramp" athlete who wanders from college to college to barter athletic prowess for thinly veiled commercial considerations. It was designed to stop the big university from recruiting players from less financially favored institutions.

Now West Point contends—I believe soundly—that the three year rule has no application as far as the Service academies are concerned. It was adopted to abolish evils that cannot exist at West Point or Annapolis. A "tramp" athlete could not gain admission to either Service school. Entrance is by Congressional or Presidential appointment, or through competitive examinations of an exceptionally rigorous character. So stringent is the discipline at both academies, so exacting are the scholastic standards, that no glory-seeking athlete would voluntarily subject himself to such an uncompromising curriculum for unworthy motives.

The Service academies are thus a law unto themselves. It must be presumed that each candidate for admission applies because he has elected to serve his country on land or sea. No man may enter either West Point or Annapolis in a class above the freshman grade, regardless of his collegiate degrees. The transfer problem does not exist. Army's position is substantiated by the willingness—nay, eagerness—of the leading universities to schedule games with West Point. Far from becoming the pariah which Representative Britten pictured, West Point is today more sought after than Navy as a prospective opponent. Institutions such as Yale, Harvard, Illinois, Notre Dame, Stanford, and Southern Methodist, typifying a geographic cross-section of American opinion, have indicated their belief that the three year rule has no valid application to West Point, by scheduling games with the cadets.

No outside pressure was brought upon Annapolis to conform to the three year rule. Its adoption was a self-imposed handicap—ostensibly an idealistic gesture but, in Army's opinion, actually a maneuver designed to coerce West Point into a reciprocal policy, thus equalizing football material. General Smith put it tersely when he said to Admiral Robison: "You want parity, not eligibility!" Whereas the adoption of the three year rule did not materially

(Please Turn to Page 516)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Counting the Unemployed

TO SOME OBSERVERS of business trends the familiar classification of untruths as lies, damn lies and statistics seems to apply with peculiar appropriateness to data on unemployment. Whether the figures come from the President, the Secretary of Labor or some lesser authority, they are subjected to keen scrutiny, and are often given an interpretation at variance with the opinions of those who compiled or published the statistics.

Unemployment is, of course, always with us. Seasonal factors have such weight that we probably have close to a million men out of work even at the peak of the business cycle curve. Nor should this factor be minimized in appraising business conditions. While the loss of a job means most to the worker and his dependents, the impact soon reaches the local retailer, and then strikes back through him to the wholesaler and the manufacturer.

Continuing a work he began as Secretary of Commerce, President Hoover is doing, as even his severest critic must admit, all he can to keep unemployment at the lowest possible level. His recent business conferences were, in effect, rallies to the slogan "Keep the man on the job!" The President unquestionably knows as much about the causes and effects of unemployment as any one, and more than most of us. Whether or not we accept his statistics, it is surely wisdom for us to concede the soundness of his motives, and to cooperate in any way we can toward the result he is determined to achieve.

Are Indices for Highbrows?

IN ANSWER to this question we wish to develop a negative. If there ever was a mistaken idea it is that nobody but specialists in economics and statistics can possibly get the drift and the meaning of car loadings, bank clearings and the figures on production in our basic industries.

The section of this page headed "Indices—a two-minute summary," has been placed here for a definite purpose. This is to enable the business man, and particularly the one who has no access to costly statistical services or material, to follow business trends for and by himself.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) March 15—90.9. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) March 15—83.6.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended March 1—899,189 cars (increase of 70,299 over preceding week; reduction of 79,012 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended March 8—76% of capacity (reduction of 3% under preceding week and of 4% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended March 8—daily average gross 2,535,350 barrels (reduction of 88,600 under preceding week and of 130,600 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended March 1—845,000 bushels (reduction of 502,000 under preceding week and of 1,521,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended March 13—$10,777,144,000 (reduction of 9.8% under preceding week and of 16.3% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended March 13—560 (increase of 33 over preceding week and of 100 over same week of 1929).

The key to this plan is *continued comparison*. It will do no good to look at the figures only once, or occasionally. They must be studied and compared week after week. Rule up a sheet of paper, making eight vertical columns. The first is for the date; the other seven for the indices presented each week. As each new issue of the Outlook and Independent arrives, make a practice of entering the new figures, and comparing them with "past performances." With only a little extra trouble, the reader may plot curves or use other forms of graphic representation to indicate how the stream of business is flowing. This form of business exercise should be found interesting from the start. Later, as monthly and yearly comparisons become possible, it should prove indispensable.

Wrestling With Stabilization

UNCERTAINTY in regard to the tariff is by no means the only reason for the hectic condition in which Washington finds itself just now. The tariff mess is full of complications, but no more so than the problem of working out a stabilization plan for grain and cotton which will be economically sound and at the same time acceptable to the disgruntled farmers and planters.

Stabilization, whether deriving from politics or statesmanship, is a tough job. With the results thus far, nobody appears to be completely satisfied. The grain trade is in open revolt, charging that in subsidizing co-operative marketing associations and making it possible for a Stabilization Corporation to "gamble" in grain futures the Government is doing violence to the rights of private dealers and farmers who are not members of the co-operative groups.

The Federal Farm Board considers this attitude of the trade unfair. It was specifically instructed, under the terms of the Agricultural Marketing Act, to give first aid to the co-operatives, and the implication was that farmers who wished help from the Government should join a co-operative in order to get it.

Price-pegging thus far has not worked well. About all the Board can do is to hope that both grain and cotton prices will rise; that the impending suit to test the constitutionality of the Act will result for the Government; and that the path of stabilization for cotton will be smoother than it has been for grain.

"An Audit of America"

THE TITLE of this book (McGraw-Hill $2.00) is so cleverly chosen that it would be difficult to hit upon anything half so good to use as a caption for our review. Edward Eyre Hunt should therefore be thanked, not only for a very useful book but also for easing the strain of caption-chasing.

Issued in two bulky volumes, the findings of the Committee on Recent Economic Changes of the President's Conference on Unemployment constituted a most valuable report, presenting virtually a complete history of our economic progress during the past decade.

Its circulation, however, was definitely limited because of length, breadth and thickness. Mr. Hunt conceived the idea of preparing an outline summary of the report, picking out the high lights for the convenience of the general reader.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

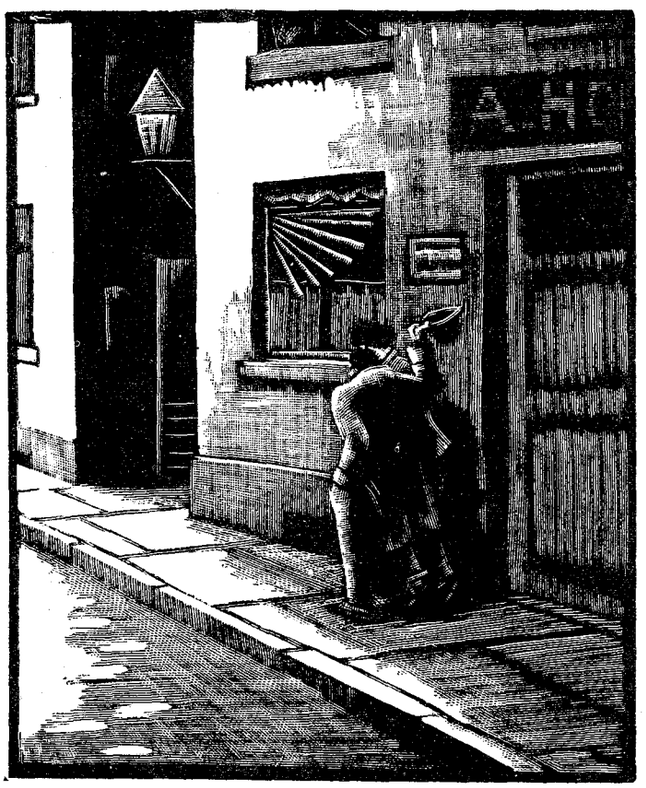
The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Byronic Hero

ANDRÉ MAUROIS has found another subject made to his hand. His new book, *Byron* (translated by Hamish Miles; Appleton $5), is to this reviewer the most satisfactory if not the most delightful of his biographical experiments. And it is certainly the one which can be most readily classed as biography. *Ariel* was really a novel; *Disraeli* teetered on the border-line; but *Byron* fits not only M. Maurois' rules as expounded in his *Aspects of Biography* but also those of his critics. Imaginary scenes and conversations are omitted, the chronology of the poet's life is carefully followed, and the poet's work is used to explain his story; that is, such of it as is autobiographical; and most of it is. This method is particularly right with Byron because he was always his own hero, and his life was modeled more and more closely as he grew older upon the life which his Byronic hero (the same man, be his name Harold or Cain or Juan) might be expected to live. Byron created his hero first to justify himself, and then recreated himself in his hero's image.

Byron had a terrible inheritance and knew it. From his mother he drew the blood of one of those typical Scotch "dangerous breeds of well-born brigands," from his father, that of an ancient midland family run out into an eccentricity and a sensuality that were almost madness. To that must be added his lameness and his family poverty. So that he was born with intolerable pride and the occasion for intolerable humiliation. Given also a Calvinistic training, such as is likely to turn any sensitive lad into a wild rebel, you have the personal background of the Byronic hero. And for his setting there was a world which had expected great things from the French revolution and been disappointed, which had witnessed the "Napoleonic wars . . . the occasion for acts of unavailing heroism," a world in which "millions of men had experienced the feeling of the unjustice and madness of the universe," a world, in fact, a good deal like the world of the nineteen-twenties. Deeply and immediately sensitive to the atmosphere in which he lived, painfully responsive to the sentiments of others, Byron became the popular prophet of his generation.



From "Destiny" a novel in pictures by Otto Nückel (Farrar and Rinehart)

Like all undisciplined—unself-disciplined—youths, Byron became a cynic the first time he met with a rebuff. He absorbed a rather sentimental Voltaireanism at Cambridge to balance his Calvinism. He played the cynic, cynosure and rakehell in society to balance his lameness and his poverty. He was a tragedy king. He pictured himself as pointed for disappointment, misfortune, sin and untimely death. What he imagined himself to be, he became. Byron the boy was chivalrous, brave and loving. The Byronic hero had a chip on his shoulder. Byron spent his life trying to keep the chip on the shoulder and the boy out of the picture. But he did not quite succeed. At the end what was left of the boy was the chivalric dream which sent the hero to Greece, and the laughter, now become gently ironic, which he heard as he set sail.

This is the heart of Byron's tragedy; for his story is profoundly tragic, and cool and light and deft as is Maurois' touch, his book is sombre, even painful. But a joy to read! Its epigrammatic phrases, its acuteness, its fine Gallic maturity of attitude and opinion, its perfect finish make it a constant delight. You will certainly read it, probably reread parts of it, possibly turn from it to Byron's poetry. It is blessed with abundant quotations from sources, all of which are carefully recorded. It is beautifully translated. And it has, on page 442 of our copy, an error so glaring that the most unliterary will notice it. What more can the reader ask?

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

French by the Grace of God

IN ANY sizable group of individuals, it is always a precious few who do the real work, or cause the incitative trouble. It is even so with the countries of the world, of which there are at present sixty-six. The eyes of sixty, out of admiration or jealousy or fear, are never taken off these six: United States, England, France, Germany, and two others that may be asterisked by some one else. Of these six France is obviously the most interesting; not the greatest, nor the safest, nor the wealthiest, nor the wisest, but the most popular, the most talked-about; the country concerning whose reputation there is no longer any doubt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CANCEL
The wife he loved
His two small children
A comfortable suburban home
His chances for happiness

ADD
The hysteria of Wall Street
A money-mad country club set
The beautiful idler called Clarice

RESULT

PAPER PROFITS
The novel of America today
by
ARTHUR TRAIN
Author of
His Children's Children, the Tutt books, Illusion, etc.
Just Published $2.50
HORACE LIVERIGHT NY
GOOD BOOKS

One of France's historians, Michelet, was long wont to say that due to her physical structure, France was an individual, a person. There is a little to this, for there is something to everything. The real France, however, is the French people, for whose history we have had to wait until Charles Guignebert, Professor in the University of Paris, completed his *A Short History of the French People* (Macmillan $15), in two volumes that total 1,178 pages. The first volume ends with the secularization of French politics in the sixteenth century. The second carries the story down to 1914.

The treatise is incomparably great; for a history of the people of France, as opposed to the country itself, all roads should lead to it. And what an unbroken chain of vicissitudes and excitements the French have forged! It is patent that they have remained French and a people only by the Grace of God.

The study is unalterably sensible. M. Guignebert first takes Charlemagne down from his pedestal by showing that his biographer, Eginhard, did nothing more than parody the life of Augustus by Suetonius. Then, in order to get a true picture of Louis XIV, the "sun king," whose life from rising to setting was one flamboyant parade, he allows Saint Simon, well versed in socialism, to speak. Of course, this is a trifle like asking a Wet what he thinks of a Dry, but there is no longer an indelible gloss for the architect of Trianon. And finally we come to Napoleon, whom this staid, studied, and unemotional professor says was dumb, egotistic, adulterous, tyrannical, mean, unfamiliar with workable military tactics, ignorant about modern strategy, trying to do with men in the nineteenth century what might have been done with them not later than the twelfth century, and whose unhappy memory in Paris has brought on a lot of unfortunate chauvinism, militarism, and other perverse notions. The work is dedicated to the A. E. F.

The translation by Mr. F. G. Richmond is admirable. Any one who would like to know the story of the people of France and who reads English by choice or because of linguistic limitations, owes him a sterling sum. And as to problems ahead, this author believes that excessive drinking in urban centers is one of the most serious.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

The Week's Reading

"THE CRUSADES" by Harold Lamb (Doubleday, Doran $3) is a popular history of the beginning of the movement from the preaching of the First Crusade until the death of the last of its leaders. We are told that a volume on the third crusade will follow. It is written in the romantic manner affected by so many of our biographer historians. Mr. Lamb has given time to the study of his subject and has brought to it intelligence and imagination. He is carefully objective, and chary of ascribing to his eleventh century subjects motives and reactions such as twentieth century men might be expected to have. He opens his books with a few brief chapters which give the historical setting, a sort of primer of the economic, social and political state of Europe in the eleventh century. Then he takes up his chief characters, preachers and leaders, draws them together into scenes of deliberation and action, and tells the story of the time through the stories of the men. He tells it well. His book is full of gusto and feeling and is extremely readable. It is sentimental only in the slight vulgarity of the style. Mr. Lamb understands that the Crusades were a migration, an exploration, a pilgrimage, a commercial venture, a political movement, an adventure of minds, bodies and souls. But he writes of them in terms of personalities rather than as a phase of mediaeval development. His history is history as the biographer sees it, and the pleasure which his work can give will depend somewhat upon whether the reader likes his history that way or not. Mr. Lamb shrinks from foot-notes, consequently the sources of the many excellent quotations from coeval documents which he uses are not given fully. And either he or his publishers have forgotten that history and geography go hand in hand. The book deserves a good map.

THE ADJUTANT STORK
Woodcut by Eric Fitch Daglish in "The Life Story of Birds" (Morrow)

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf
For Week-End Reading

Detective-Mystery: **The Maltese Falcon**, by Dashiell Hammett: Knopf.

Novel: **None So Pretty**, by Margaret Irwin: Harcourt, Brace.

Biography: **Byron**, by Andre Maurois: Appleton.

Miscellaneous: **Tradition and Experiment in Present Day Literature**, essays by various authors: Oxford University Press.

Four short stories by Julian Green are included in *Christine* (Harper $2.50). They are typical both of his talents and of his interest, except in that they are full of touches of the supernatural as well as the abnormal. So far as this reviewer recalls, Mr. Green has not allowed the supernatural to get into his novels. The best of the stories is a novelette, "The Pilgrim on the Earth," a touching story, the central character of which is one of those emotionally unstable adolescents in whom Mr. Green delights. These stories pile up evidence for Mr. Green's mastery of a rich finished style.

An enchanting and spicy little story of temptation in a Dorset rectory becomes in *Kindness in a Corner* (by T. F. Powys: Viking $2.50) a fable of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sacred and profane love and which is which. Mr. Powys plays deftly with symbolism, daringly with the word that may be heard two ways, classically with a Shakespearean grave-digger and most beautifully with the English language. If you have a suitable sense of humor, an amiable tolerance for human frailty and a love of fine prose you will most certainly enjoy *Kindness in a Corner*.

Dostoievsky is the master after whose work Robert Neumann has patterned *Flood* (translated by William A. Drake: Covici-Friede $3), a long, impressive and, to this reviewer, exhausting novel of post-war Germany, bitterly satiric and unrelieved by humor or detachment. It is a violent flood of what is called realism, a picture of the lost generation, a picture of life, perhaps as it is, perhaps as it is seen through a jaundiced eye. Neumann sees a world hysterical, hungry and vicious, a world disintegrating under the flood loosed by the War, and he sees mostly the offal that is borne on the bosom of the flood. And it is a flood of words that Neumann looses on his readers, fierce words flung in a broken, turbulent rhythm.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from he following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton P. Wilder: A. & C. Boni. A lovely prose poem on the beauty of frustration. Reviewed February 26.

Exile, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. A well constructed story of English expatriates on the Italian Riviera. Reviewed March 19.

The Great Meadow, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts: Viking. A poet's vision of pioneer woman and one of America's finest historical novels. Reviewed March 5.

The Hidden City, by Philip Gibbs: Doubleday Doran. London life as seen by a doctor; another of Sir Philip's reports on social conditions in fictional form. Reviewed January 29.

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A philosophical romance of the fall of aristocracy, beginning in Sixteenth Century Florence and ending in present-day Chicago. Full of color and vigor. Reviewed January 8.

Non-Fiction

The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles and Mary Beard: Macmillan. One volume edition of an American classic. Original edition reviewed June 7, 1927.

Lincoln, by Emil Ludwig: Little, Brown. In his explosive technique, Ludwig informs us that in Lincoln we have a man "immemorably unique." Reviewed February 19.

Byron, by Andre Maurois: Appleton. Reviewed in this issue.

The Human Mind, by Karl Menninger: Knopf. Mental processes and disorders discussed for the layman. To be reviewed.

The Crusades, by Harold Lamb: Doubleday, Doran. Reviewed in this issue.

Behind the Blurbs

THE ONLY PERSON, literary or otherwise, we ever heard of who has refused to give a list of the hundred best books, on the ground that he doesn't know which are the hundred best, is Llewellyn Jones, literary editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*. Although he has just written a volume on *How to Read Books,* he states that his aim is to help the general reader to enjoy what he reads, not to change his tastes or improve his mind. An heretical statement, violating all the rules and canons laid down by the literary punditti for the preparation of such volumes. And a serious situation if others follow his lead, leaving only the book clubs and the police to tell us what we ought to like. ☘ ☘ ☘ The Catholic Book Club chooses *Gloucestermen,* a vol. of short stories of the sea by James B. Connolly, for its March book. ☘ ☘ ☘ And for the same month the Detective Story Club genuflects to Milston Propper's *The Ticker-Tape Murder.* ☘ ☘ ☘ Simon & Schuster wanted to know why people buy books, so they questioned buyers of *The Art of Thinking.* Some 10,000 replies show 34% who bought because of reviews, 24% because of advertising, 12% because of recommendation by a friend, 6% because of reputation of the

Inside the Covers

Articles We Recommend in the Latest Magazines

War Books, by H. M. Tomlinson. Yale Review, Spring Number, 1930.
The distinguished English author, whose novel, "All Our Yesterdays," is a current best seller, discusses the writers who, in his opinion, have really contributed to the literature of the Great War. He believes the conflict is sufficiently remote for a renewed interest in the truth. "We have come through the heroic mood," remarks Mr. Tomlinson, "and are not so moved as formerly by helpless sobs and laurel wreaths." Among others, he mentions the works of C. E. Montague and R. H. Mottram, who is also a contributor to this issue of the Yale Review.

All Washed Up, by Walter Davenport. Mentor, March.
Cleanliness, according to the author, was by no means next to godliness in the past. The taking of baths was once a distinctly pagan rite and early Christians frowned on "personal ablutions." Our own Puritan fathers were not cordial to frequent scourings and as recently as 1845 a Connecticut gentleman was arrested for tubbing himself twice in one week. Mr. Davenport traces the history of the bath and mentions a number of famous Greek and Roman plungers who looked upon washing as an artistic diversion.

Comstock Stalks, by Ernest Sutherland Bates. Scribners, April.
The ghost of Anthony Comstock whose militant fanaticism was responsible for present day censorship still walks the earth. The incredible laws for which he labored remain on Federal and state statute books and the confused logic that inspired them is invoked to add further insults to our national intelligence. Mr. Bates' interesting and amusing paper throws light on the psychology of moral censorship.

Two Low Brows in Red Russia, by Mary Van Rensselaer Cogswell. North American Review, April.
The author, a young Barnard graduate, broke into the headlines when it was learned that she had entered Soviet Russia without a visa. Not only did she accomplish this apparently impossible feat, but accompanied by an American friend of her own age wandered about the Russian hinterland without an escort, equipped with a scanty knowledge of German and much independence of spirit.

Policemen Are Made, Not Born, by Albert A. Hopkins. Scientific American, April.
To most of us a policeman is a traffic cop, skilled in the dubious art of humiliating motorists. In this article the author describes the largest police "college" in the country and tells something of the severe training through which "rookies" must go before they are declared fit to cope with the hundred and one duties of an average patrolman. Mr. Hopkins also discusses the elaborate scientific equipment used to-day for the detection of crime.

EINSTEIN'S SOLILOQUY, Death unmasked Little Maid from Aiden, Song of Winter, and other poems. TRENCHANT MODERN SATIRE on a great world figure. PROF. CHARLES LANE POOR: "I enjoyed it immensely. It is extremely well written." PROF. ALBERT A. MICHELSON: "Many thanks for the advance copy of the Einstein Satire, which I read with much pleasure." PROF. JOHN DEWEY: "Thank you for the poem on Einstein, which I read with much interest. I hope the results of publication meet expectations." Handsomely bound volume. Price $2.00 postpaid.
B. A. SHAMMO, 201 West 80th St., N. Y. C.

They told Arthur Brisbane *"You must see* DR. SANSUM"

. . . and in his column "TODAY", on February 1st, Mr. Brisbane said, "From him (Dr. Sansum) you learn what it means to lack acid in the stomach. Without it there is no complete digestion. You learn why many are too thin, many too fat. His book 'The Normal Diet', should be read. He knows his business."

Thousands have read this book, on Mr. Brisbane's advice. It is a brilliant discussion of the whole process of digestion, nutrition, and elimination. Proper diets, with recipes, are prescribed for every digestive condition.

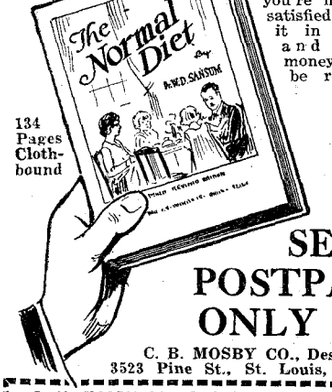
Every stomach-sufferer needs this book,

"THE NORMAL DIET"

***by* Dr. W. D. Sansum**

If you are one of the millions who find health and efficiency impaired, even life itself threatened, by stomach conditions, this book will help you. Physicians endorse it; Samuel Blythe recommended it in ***The Saturday Evening Post;*** thousands attribute relief and improvement to it.

Order a copy today. We ship C. O. D. if you wish, or postpaid if you send cash with order. Use the coupon. If you're not fully satisfied, return it in 3 days and your money will be refunded.



134 Pages Cloth-bound

SENT POSTPAID ONLY $1.50

C. B. MOSBY CO., Desk 6, 3523 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

C. V. MOSBY CO., Desk 6, 3523 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me at once a copy of "The Normal Diet" by Dr. W. D. Sansum.
☐ I enclose $1.50. Ship postpaid.
☐ Ship C. O. D. I will pay postman $1.50 plus a few cents postage.
If I return the book in 3 days my money is to be refunded

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

author. The rest were divided among twelve other reasons. This seems rather to throw doubt on the statement made by the gentleman who deals extensively in publishers' remainders, that people like best fat red books with pictures. ☙☙☙ Woodcuts of birds which are both accurate and artistic illustrate Eric Fitch Daglish's *The Life Story of Birds*[1], which is a clear and readable book on the habits of birds in general, and one which every bird lover will want to own. ☙☙☙ Kings have often been very gracious in giving people permission to do things that they haven't the least desire to do, but the best example of this we have ever heard of was the permission given by the Spanish King to Magellan's sailors. They might all of them, he said, write home freely and without restriction. But, as the author of *Ferdinand Magellan*[2], from which we cull this item, adds: "since they were bound for seas which no ship's keel had ever furrowed, the chance of getting these letters delivered might be held to be of the smallest." This is a very scholarly and readable book, the story of a man of one idea, who stuck to that idea through thick and thin, and successfully accomplished one of the greatest achievements of all time. ☙☙☙ The title story in *The Fools' Parade*[3] concerns the escape of a group of French convicts from Cayenne through the jungle to Surinam. The rest are stories of the West Coast of Africa and its varying effect on different whites. Three of these are good stories, but they become obscured and submerged in the atmosphere of sinister steaming jungle and mysterious secret natives, which ends by stifling plot and characters under a pressure of about 1000 lbs. to the cubic inch. ☙☙☙ *The Voice of the Lobster*[4] is a splendid piece of foolishness, all about Freddy Patter, gorgeously uniformed first-class private in the usher corps at Station 25 on the mezzanine, and what happened when he was confused by practically every one in New York with Gen. Gonzalez, who had fled Pandorra with a million dollars' worth of stolen property. Girls and gunmen take pot shots at Freddy, and generals and gyp artists camp on his trail. An uproarious extravaganza, with a plot that keeps you turning page after page long after the curfew has tolled. ☙☙☙ *Volcano*[5] reveals a dreadful state of things in the little W. I. republic of Culboa, ruled

(Continued on Next Page)

1. Morrow, $3.00.
2. By E. F. Benson: Harpers, $4.00.
3. By John W. Vandercook: Harpers, $2.50.
4. By Robert J. Casey: Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00.
5. By Arthur Bullard: Macmillan, $2.00.

As Others See Us

As Shown by Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

JEAN MARTET, former Secretary of the Tiger of French politics, whose *Georges Clemenceau* (Longmans Green) is one of the great biographical achievements of our time, reports that one day Clemenceau remarked, with ironic naïveté: "You can never speak too well of the Americans. What an example of living, of will, of courage! But why must they be so pleased with themselves?. . . . Why this intoxication?"

The "unparalleled economic growth" of the United States since the holocaust of 1914 has been accepted by the American people as the outward and visible sign of superior virtue, morality and political stability. Unfortunately, our material growth has been unaccompanied by any corresponding maturity of our political mentality. Our very policy of isolation, far from being one of intelligent realization of the advantages and obligations of our physical detachment, has been justified by ungenerous recriminations of the wicked Old World and timidity verging on political cowardice lest our ignorant and amateurish statesmanship be enmeshed in the obscene subtleties of European diplomacy. In consequence, we have presented the picture of a brutally self-satisfied moral monstrosity to a world which is not prepared to admit that physical wealth is the invariable reward of superior virtue or that geographical detachment automatically confers upon us a mandate to inculcate the Right Way of Doing Things to others less wealthy and less powerful than ourselves.

In sympathy with this condition, which, indeed, approximates moral isolation, a powerful body of criticism directed to our address has arisen, both within and without our borders. Some of this criticism is inept. For example, Christopher Hollis' *The American Heresy* (Minton Balch & Co.), though accounted "a brilliant historical account of the downfall of Democracy in the United States" and acclaimed as "the wittiest and wisest book that has appeared for some time past" by G. K. Chesterton, is vitiated by the author's malice towards Woodrow Wilson. One suspects that the book's appeal, like Mr. Keynes' *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, is due to the Ludwigian caricature of Wilson, rather than to the more thoughtful chapters on Jefferson, Calhoun and Lincoln.

Countervailing this "hate literature" is Ludwell Denny's pessimistic *America Conquers Britain* (Knopf). Mr. Denny, of the United Press, is convinced that we are engaged in a deadly economic struggle with the United Kingdom, a struggle which will avoid war only because we have already won. Conceding that "American world supremacy is quite horrible to think about," he nevertheless marshalls a staggering array of facts and figures in support of his thesis. He sees us beating British money and machinery with more money and better machinery. He says little about the British knack of making friends and enlisting allies, about British brains or British political skill. To those who have watched, as Mr. Denny has watched, Sir Henri Deterding's snake-dance through the Standard Oil line-up, or who have noticed the slow drawing-together of British interests throughout the world, there is something rather silly in Mr. Denny's bland assumption that Britain "will be our colony before she is done; in fact, if not in name." His book will make few friends for American policy within the British Empire or, for that matter, within the United States.

More scholarly in tone, is the *Survey of American Foreign Relations, 1929* (Yale Press), which is edited by Charles P. Howland. With unusual prescience, this volume is principally concerned with American policy in the Caribbean. For that reason, the chapters on the Dominican Republic, scene of a recent revolution, and on Haiti, where a Presidential Commission is at this moment reconsidering the policy embodied in the Treaty of Occupation, are timely and pertinent. Concerning Haiti, the survey remarks that:

"The argument of the school of political *laissez faire* is that civil administration by marines does not make a citizenry capable of self-government; they believe that experience, guided by the principle of trial and error, will teach any people the art of self-government and will alone indoctrinate it thoroughly in their lives. But it may be that a people in an early and arrested stage of self-government, accustomed to financial and political disorder, administrative incapacity, and corruption, are unable to lift their political life above selfish and transitory considerations, spinning as it were on a dead center."

JOHN CARTER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by a villainous dictator and his degenerate son, Don Enrico, who order instruments of torture by the shipload. Benton arrives to run an orange plantation, and stays to rescue a girl, encounter a snake and a dancer and a Voodoo priestess, and to dash on through bullets, earthquakes and erupting volcanoes into the arms of the lovely Carmen. First class adventure, swift and well written. And when the villain is killed, he's killed good and bloody and practically unrecognizable. We like that. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Trent's Last Case*[6] is a reissue of a detective story first pub. in '13. Millionaire Manderson found murdered. Trent called in. Very clever reconstruction of crime implicates Manderson's secretary and wife in such a way that Trent keeps findings to himself and withdraws from case. But case reopens itself and takes two unexpected but entirely logical twists, which will greatly delight you. One of the best. ♣ ♣ ♣ In *The Night Club Mystery*[7] 'twas unfortunate that Barry, Cabot and budding banker, took Janet to a night club on the night Dan Skelly was murdered there, for his old friend Bleecker, alias Strong, the gambler, was in the room where Skelly was shot and Barry's evidence was needed to clear him. A mystery without a detective, and with only enough underworld to permit Barry to beat up a few thugs. Well told, and very suspenseful. ♣ ♣ ♣ Great doings when Penelope, authoress-heiress, is murdered, in *Death-in-the-Box*[8]. An emu, sent to Cousin John as a joke, makes a grandstand play at a dinner party. A coffin and dripping blood furnish the macabre, and several relatives who crave Penelope's money, bear watching. Somewhat confused in style, but swift and readable natheless. ♣ ♣ ♣ Most detective stories confuse you with too much detail. You can't remember the past history of the mysterious Dr. Mortlake, and for the life of you can't tell how the upstairs rooms are arranged. You get confused, and your interest wanes. But the stories of Rufus King are simple. The new one, *Somewhere in This House*[9], concerns the events of one night in a snowbound house where murder has been attempted once and may be again. There are only six characters; the house is a regular house, without dungeons, secret stairs or labyrinths. The result is a tale which you follow easily, and which makes your flesh creep agreeably on your bones. A plus.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

6. By E. C. Bentley: Knopf, $2.00.
7. By Elizabeth Jordan: Century, $2.00
8. By Marcus Magill: Lippincott, $2.00.
9. By Crime Club, $2.00.

Around-South-America CRUISE

A de luxe cruise to fascinating lands . . .

Luxurious Ship — Ideal Season!

—and upwards of 40 ports, cities and points of special interest on this 71-day cruise

"CITY OF LOS ANGELES"
(Flagship of LASSCO's Los Angeles-Hawaii Fleet)

Sailing from Los Angeles October 8, 1930—Cruise operated by LASSCO in co-operation with AMERICAN EXPRESS.

Palatial Cruiser—Unique in facilities that make it specially fitted for enjoyment of this cruise. All outside staterooms, unusually spacious, all with FRESH running water, hot and cold, and over 70% with private or connecting bath. Outdoor swimming pool with sand beach. Grand dining saloon, with windows open to the sea on both sides, accommodating all cruise members at one sitting. Two promenade decks, one glass enclosed, unusually spacious sports and recreation decks —a richly appointed and splendidly serviced "home" for the entire period of the cruise.

Itinerary—17,402 miles—The chief ports and cities include: Los Angeles, Calif. — Balboa, (Panama) — Salaverry, Callao, Lima, Mollendo, (Peru)—Arica, Antofagasta, Valparaiso, Santiago, Coronel, Punta Arenas, (Chile)—Buenos Aires, (Argentina) — Montevideo, (Uruguay)—Santos, Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, (Brazil)—Trinidad, B. W. I.—La Guaira, Caracas, (Venezuela) —Cristobal, Balboa, (Panama)—La Libertad, San Salvador, (Salvador) — Mazatlan, (Mexico)—Los Angeles. Tour ends Dec. 18.

Season Ideal—Springtime in these lands of romance across the equator! Gorgeous tropical verdure, thunderous waterfalls, the lofty Andes, vast pampas plains and cities whose beauty, progressiveness, broad culture and brilliant social activities invest them with intense interest and charm.

Eastern Cruise Members — may sail from New York and New Orleans, connect with cruise ship at Balboa Oct. 17, circle South America—and conclude with an enjoyable winter visit in Southern California.

Shore Excursions — Exceptionally comprehensive and interesting program of shore excursions included in tour cost—all under the experienced direction of accompanying American Express cruise staff. Tour cost from $1050 to $4500. Cruise party limited to 300. For full particulars, apply any authorized ticket agent, any office of American Express travel department, or—

LASSCO
LOS ANGELES STEAMSHIP CO

730 So. Broadway . . . Los Angeles
521 Fifth Avenue . . . . . New York
140 So. Dearborn . . . . . Chicago
685 Market St. . . . . San Francisco
213 E. Broadway . . . . . San Diego

35-57

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IF NEW YORK theatre goers are any criterion—and since a large proportion of Broadway's audiences come from cities and towns scattered all over the country, it seems reasonable to suppose they are—modern brides have no timidity on the subject of sex, and only bridegrooms would think they have who have been brought up at their mother's Victorian apron strings.

At least, this is the conclusion forced upon us at a recent viewing of *Apron Strings,* the comedy in which Jefferson De Angelis and Roger Pryor are on view.

"Tell me," asks the harassed and Victorian-instructed, two weeks married bridegroom, speaking to his genial and worldly wise lawyer, "how long does it take for a girl's timidity to wear off?"

A yell of derisive laughter from the audience is the only audible reply. The question is answered before the lawyer can even begin to find words. The naïve bridegroom is presented as a picture from *Punch.*

All of which we present as an evidence of modern humor, and with no responsibility for the facts in the case.

In the instance presented in *Apron Strings* the young lady has been, apparently, one of the leading flirts of her town; with such a penchant for getting engaged to men that her parents are sorry for the man involved as well as more than a little fearful of his quality. He might be anybody.

He happens to be a very rich and presentable young man, snared in a canoe, and apparently not very well understood by the young lady herself, as subsequent developments prove. Just what these developments are, we shall not reveal in these pages beyond stating that the young man's mother is dead but still very much in evidence in the form of a long series of letters which she has left for him. These letters assume to give him, upon every conceivable occasion which may arise, precisely the advice which she herself would give him, were she still alive and able to guide him in the way he should go.

The Plays of the Week

Apron Strings, by Dorrance Davis at the Bijou.
Ripples a musical comedy with Fred Stone at the New Amsterdam.

Enough to say that this lady herself was, evidently, extremely Victorian in her views upon all subjects, including drinking, kissing, proposing, marrying, asking the girl's parents for their consent and securing their promise of "hands off"—in fact, upon everything which would make good comedy material for the present generation. In addition, she had such a strong influence upon her son that he proposes to go through life acting wholly upon her advice, as gradually disclosed by her letters.

As a result, a prig marries a supposedly modern (very modern) young lady; and much amusing, and some rather lame and threadbare fun results.

As a dramatic contribution, it skims upon the surface, dipping unevenly into farce, comedy and burlesque, and enjoys the services of at least two excellent actors—our old friend Jefferson De Angelis and Roger Pryor, of *Saturday's Children* fame. When these two are around, one is sure of entertainment. Otherwise, the evening is very reminiscent of certain others spent at *Young Sinners, Uncle Dudley* and such strictly hundred per cent American artistic efforts. We should say it is better than was *Uncle Dudley* but will probably not prove so popular as *Young Sinners.*

Some people like this sort of thing. We are sorry that it seems rather stupid to us.

BUT THEN, AGAIN, maybe this is our apologetic week. For we're a little sorry too that we didn't care more for Fred Stone's new show, *Ripples.* Any man who can break his legs in an airplane accident, and then come back and dance with his crutches on the stage of the New Amsterdam—well, as a human being Fred Stone can make us cheer almost as loudly as can "The Star Spangled Banner." And he is just as good as ever.

But *Ripples* starts out pretty drearily and doesn't pick up until the middle of the first act. And even then it seems to have a touch of "good, clean fun"—cleaned with laundry soap, perhaps. So that some of the perfume of romance is missing; even though the stage settings of the Catskills are freshly imaginative, and Rip Van Winkle's dwarfs give not a little touch of genuine originality.

Perhaps it's too many Stones. As Fred himself says, he can't get an opportunity to do his stuff. He's always falling over a Stone. And there's no denying it: there's a family manner.

Yet the show grows increasingly better with youth, dancing and beauty, as it goes on; and Eddie Foy, Jr., with the latest Stone, Paula, gives us some of the best entertainment of the season. In fact, we'd go a long way to see these two again, in a new show. For Foy has the originality of the born comedian and Paula Stone has in her that peculiar combination of the clown with romantic emotion—"it" maybe—which distinguishes our Gertrude Lawrences and Adele Astaires from the others. If her voice improves, she will be very distinctly somebody in her own right, with or without the name of her father.

What there is in *Ripples* these two, along with Andrew Tombes and Kathryn Hereford, bring out. But the cast is better than the show; and the music is better than its orchestration—the brasses are pretty much in your ears—and, well, *Ripples* isn't a *Sons o' Guns* or a *Fifty Million Frenchmen.* It lacks, somehow, the emotional punch necessary to make you enjoy thoroughly the humor in between.

Maybe it's because you know they are all Stones, anyhow! Our own New Amsterdam Family Party.

The Outlook's Tabloid Guide to Current Shows

***Strictly Dishonorable:** Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.
Journey's End: The great war play, perfectly acted.
Street Scene: Pulitzer Prize Winner. Tragic realism in a brown stone front.
It's A Wise Child: Cleverly constructed farce-comedy about illegitimacy.
Berkeley Square: Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.
June Moon: Comic strip wise-cracking in Tin Pan Alley.
***Fifty Million Frenchmen:** Expertly produced musical comedy.
***Sons o' Guns:** A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue & alluring Lily Damita.
The First Mrs. Fraser: An uneven English comedy of manners.
Wake Up and Dream: A very engaging London importation with Jack Buchanan.
Michael and Mary: A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.
Death Takes a Holiday: A magnificent idea about Death, inexpertly handled.
Strike Up the Band: Amusing lyrics, indifferent music—with genial Clark and McCullough.
Rebound: Excellent cake, but not enough bread and butter.
Dishonored Lady: Melodrama of the deepest type—with Katherine Cornell.
***Topaze:** Hats off to Lee Shubert for bringing this comedy from Paris.
The Infinite Shoeblack: Indigestible Scotch emotion at home and abroad—with Helen Menken.
Those We Love: Honest portrayal of domestic infelicity—good acting saves an old theme.
***The Green Pastures:** The humble negro's story of the Lord God. The event of the season.
The Apple Cart: Burlesque and brains. Shaw's arid, penetrating political extravaganza.
The Last Mile: Ugly, grim death house drama—devastatingly realistic. For strong digestions.
***Simple Simon:** Thank Heaven for Ed Wynn. Music, ballet and pleasing nonsense.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by the McBride and Tyson agencies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Song O' My Heart"

JOHN McCORMACK'S beautiful, mellow voice has been admirably recorded by Mr. Fox and his sound engineers, with the result that listening to his first talking and singing film is quite as satisfactory as hearing the gentleman in concert. This may sound slightly extravagant, but I assure you it is not. It comes rolling out as smooth and full as you could want. Mr. McCormack sings about a dozen Irish ballads, some old favorites such as "I Hear You Calling Me," "Little Boy Blue," and "A Pair of Blue Eyes," and others less well known.

Mr. McCormack is not much of an actor and, with rare good judgment, makes no effort to be one. He ambles genially through the loose framework of incidents provided for him, never once even ruffling the white pique edging of his vest. The other characters in his small Irish town are instantly quaint as all get-out, smoking clay pipes, going about in jaunting cars, living in cottages simply muffled with climbing roses, and talking with heavy brogues—but Mr. McCormack always gives the impression of having just stepped from the stage of Carnegie Hall.

Along about the third reel he receives a cablegram from New York—a big concert offer. He is an instantaneous success. Backstage his manager is congratulating him. He is a wow. But, to your surprise, you learn that there are heartaches even in the concert racket. Pretty soon he hears that his old sweetheart (Alice Joyce, who had years previously married another gentleman for some reason) is dead. So he cancels his tour and rushes back to Ireland in time to sing a few more songs and see his old sweetheart's grown daughter happily married to one of the local boys. *Song O' My Heart* will delight those who go into raptures over Mr. McCormack's type of singing. Incidentally, just as the movies have killed the road show, so this sort of picture is going to kill concert tours.

"Sarah and Son"

Almost while you watch you can see Ruth Chatterton becoming the finest dramatic actress in Hollywood. I say this without any "ifs" or "exceptings" and with a full realization of the fact that *Sarah and Son* in itself is rather a flashy story built on the good old mother love theme. But possibly Miss Chatterton deserves more credit than ever for having taken so time-worn a characterization and made it into a movie which you cannot afford to miss. It is one of those things in which the long, lean arm of circumstance reaches 'round corners and across hundreds of miles at exactly the correct moment. Miss Chatterton is a vaudeville performer who ends up singing in grand opera. In a moment of anger her drunken husband steals the baby and disappears. She spends the rest of her life looking for the boy (Phillipe de Lacy) who has meanwhile been adopted by wealthy and powerful people. Eventually, of course, mother love wins—but Miss Chatterton gives a superlative performance.

"Be Yourself!"

Fannie Brice—who used to be plain, ordinary Fanny Brice on the stage—has become involved in a talkie about night club performers, prize fighters and other Hollywood characters, which is rather aggressively uninteresting. *Be Yourself!* shows Mlle. Brice as a night club entertainer who loves a pug (Robert Armstrong). He is in love with a blonde, however, who gets him to have his nose rebuilt along more classic lines. Then Fannie yells at his opponent in the ring to punch this nose, thereby ruining the effect. After this the blonde loses interest. Miss Brice can be the funniest woman anywhere given a chance. Let us hope she gets it soon.

Worth Seeing

Anna Christie: Hear Greta Garbo's strange deep voice and join in the fight. Some think she's grander than ever, others are heartbroken.

China Express: More Soviet propaganda—wildly melodramatic.

Disraeli: George Arliss is still going strong.

The Green Goddess: The same Mr. Arliss in another old play.

Men Without Women: Desperate scenes in a sinking submarine.

Roadhouse Nights: Reporters, bootleggers and plenty of excitement.

The Rogue Song: Lawrence Tibbett sings and sings and sings.

Seven Days Leave: Barrie's Cockney scrublady in war times.

Street of Chance: William Powell as a high-powered gambler—one of the best.

The Vagabond King: Francois Villon returns, all in sound and color—much like the stage piece.

Not So Good

The Case of Sergeant Grischa: Arnold Zweig's novel as Hollywood sees it.

Song of the West: All sound and color film of gold rush days which fails.

EUROPE and OBERAMMERGAU

a comfortable and carefree way to go!

Will you make sure beforehand that your trip to Europe will be a carefree, enjoyable vacation by joining an American Express Escorted Tour?

The most interesting itineraries are carefully studied and charted out—including England, France, Germany (Oberammergau for the Passion Play), etc. Then everything for the entire trip is arranged in advance—steamers, hotels, sightseeing, private motor cars, airplanes, etc.

You travel through Europe with complete peace of mind because everything is planned and nothing left to chance. An experienced Tour Manager accompanies each little group.

The itineraries, places to see, dates of departure and complete cost are described in the American Express booklets. Send coupon for one or all of the booklets today to the nearest American Express office.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travel Department

65 Broadway, New York
58 East Washington St., Chicago
Market at Second St., San Francisco
606 Standard Building, Atlanta, Georgia

American Express:—
Please send booklet of tours checked. (E)
☐ Quality Tours $1,071 to $2,402
☐ Popular Tours $590 to $1,200
☐ Special Oberammergau Tours $411 up

Name _____

Address _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In This Issue

HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON, the well known lecturer and authority on international affairs needs no introduction to readers of the Outlook and Independent. Among the books of which he is author are *China and the Powers*, *Back of War*, and *The Background of Foreign Affairs*.

Although himself a Virginian, BRUCE CRAWFORD is a singularly outspoken critic of his fellow southerners. As editor of *Crawford's Weekly*, published at Norton, Virginia, he is in an excellent position to report on prohibition enforcement in small towns.

KAY KENNEDY is a newspaperwoman and a resident of New York. Formerly the editor of a "heart-balm" column for a newspaper syndicate, Miss Kennedy has published her views on the younger generation in a recent issue of the Outlook and Independent.

GEORGE TREVOR is a member of the staff of the New York *Sun* and a regular contributor to the *Sportsman* and other magazines. He is well known as a writer on football, tennis, golf and rowing. His article in this issue, "Football Parity," contains facts and correspondence about the Annapolis-West Point dispute heretofore unpublished.

Forecast

The Law of Nations, by Jonathan Mitchell.

Under the auspices of the League of Nations delegations from leading powers have met at the Hague to codify international law. Although their meeting has attracted little attention, the results of their decisions on the laws governing nationality, the responsibility of states and the rules of the sea may be far reaching.

Wanted: A Grenfell: Medical Needs of the Southern Negro, by Archibald Rutledge.

The rural negro of the South gets and expects little or no medical attention. Mr. Rutledge, himself a southerner, describes the pathetic condition of the negroes in time of sickness and indicates the need of medical missionary work.

My Friend Liberty, by Stoyan Christowe.

The author, now a naturalized citizen first saw the Statue of Liberty as an immigrant boy of thirteen. Coming from a country long subject to foreign appression it was to him a symbol of freedom to be reverenced. Various experiences in different parts of the country have since modified his ideas. The Statue of Liberty is still his friend, he writes, but it is hollow.

Charting a Safe Course, by William O. Scroggs.

In the old days the only business barometers were pig iron and the stock market. All an executive had to do to be secure was to watch the behavior of these two indices. The recent collapse of the Stock Market shows how unreliable such barometers are. Modern business has become so complicated that security now demands a close scrutiny of all available data.

Compensation, by John Coffey.

By 1917 Mr. Coffey had transferred his activities to Providence. So lucrative were his efforts that he soon became rash and even brazen in his methods. The inevitable result was a term in the Rhode Island State Prison during which he acted as leader of the convicts in a prison strike.

From the Life

By **IBBY HALL**

Bridge

HER HUSBAND was a very clever man. Not a wise-cracker, or the kind that tells you how much he knows about everything. But he had the kind of brains that plays a good game of bridge. And everybody knows what that means.

Sometimes she might have wished that he was humorous like other men, or even dumb and kind. Just enough to overlook it when she forgot the lead, or should have made it no trump. (She couldn't abide no trump!) But, "your husband's a very clever man," women would say to her. "He plays a wonderful game of bridge!" Sometimes it was the other way round. "A very clever woman!" he would exclaim admiringly. "Did you see the way she finessed that queen?" She could not help hoping, wistfully, that one day he would speak like that of her. Of course, it would be only luck—she could always play better if she didn't think about what she was doing; life was easier for her that way. But if ever he should look at her like that, across a bridge table, she would know that he loved her; that their marriage was a success.

Well, she was feeling very low that evening they had gone over to the So-and-so's. She watched the skill with which her husband shuffled the deck—his deft and easy dealing—the tense quiet of his face as he stared at his hand. Somehow it didn't move her any more, and she felt dejected. They were losing; she knew that and she supposed it was all her fault. But the cards hadn't been very good—at least hers. Her husband was looking at her. She jumped. She had been sitting staring at a cut-glass bowl on the side-table. It was the biggest fruit bowl she had ever seen. What fruit was big enough, she was wondering—and then her husband was looking at her. She picked up her hand hurriedly. She really had tried to be a good wife—

But even as she sighed her heart took an unexpected beat. Funny—the way you just knew whether your cards were good or bad—these were red—she loved red—it always cheered her up. That's why she was fooled so often by the red cards, they never turned out to be as good as she thought. Well, there was the ace of diamonds! And a king—and a queen—she certainly had a right to a diamond bid—Good heavens!

Her throat turned dry and her heart pounded in her ears. For by now she was staring at the thirteen cards all neatly arranged and ready to play. All red! All diamonds. For a moment her brain felt as though it were trying to push through her forehead. Luck! Well, now she could make him sit up and look at her as he had never looked before. She couldn't lose a trick, not even if she tried. Thirteen diamonds—but what was it he had told her? "How often must I remind you that no trump is the highest bid?" Well, why not? Nothing could break in on her this time. All she had to do was play out the cards one after the other. "No trump," she said, and threw her head back bravely.

The bidding rushed round her in an eddy. Higher and higher—her husband gave her a look but she didn't care. She was dizzy but she didn't care. Three no trump. Four no trump. Five—six— "Six no trump it is," said her opponents politely. And began to play.

In tides of heat the blood receded from her head. The card that was led was a black card. Triumphantly she played the two of diamonds. Her husband looked at her. What was the trouble? Another card was led. But there was some mistake! It couldn't have been their lead! How did they ever get the lead in the first place? Oh, God. It was no trump.

The three, the four, the five. The six, the seven. Her husband raised his eye-brows. She saw it all. Life was over. He could not lead her a diamond—no one else could lead a diamond—there was no way of ever having the lead again.

When she threw away the jack her husband was no longer looking at her. When she laid down the queen she noticed that he was pale. As the king of diamonds followed into the discard, she saw her husband close his eyes. He opened them only in time to stare fixedly at the abandoned ace. Yes, life was over.

It was at that moment that her husband rose to his feet. He rose quietly and looked about the room. His eyes fell strangely on the large glass bowl. It was a grape-fruit bowl, nothing else was big enough. And in the following moment he had crashed it at her head. She saw it coming and dodged.

A few months later, she filed her suit for divorce.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An American Epic

By ARTHUR STRAWN

A HUNDRED years ago Thomas Hart Benton, Senator from Missouri and doughty champion of Jacksonian Democracy, led the great fight for the distribution among farmers of the public domains in the West.

Today his great-nephew, also named Thomas Hart Benton, is making it one of the chief aims of his career as an artist to record on canvas the life and work of the descendants of the men and women who first peopled those domains.

With the coming of summer, Benton leaves the class that he teaches at the Art Students' League in New York, loads his Chevrolet truck with canvas and drawing materials, tosses in a mattress, blankets and some cooking utensils and heads toward the South and the West to make his first-hand studies of the American scene. He stops to sketch the workers in a coke plant in Pennsylvania, goes on to the coal fields of West Virginia, the tobacco and cotton regions of Tennessee, observes a rice harvest in Louisiana and an oil boom in Texas and lingers in Arkansas to draw the hill-billies.

All this is material which Benton is converting into a series of large canvasses to form an epic history in murals of the American pageant, from the days of the discovery to the very present. Eighteen of the large canvasses, bringing the record into the days of the Revolution, have been finished. The completed series will number seventy-five, and will require probably fifteen more years to consummate.

Background and experience pre-eminently fit Benton for his work of painting Americana. Born in Neosho, Missouri, forty-one years ago, he was raised there in the days when the section reverberated with the great Oklahoma rushes, and as a child went hunting in what was then Indian territory.

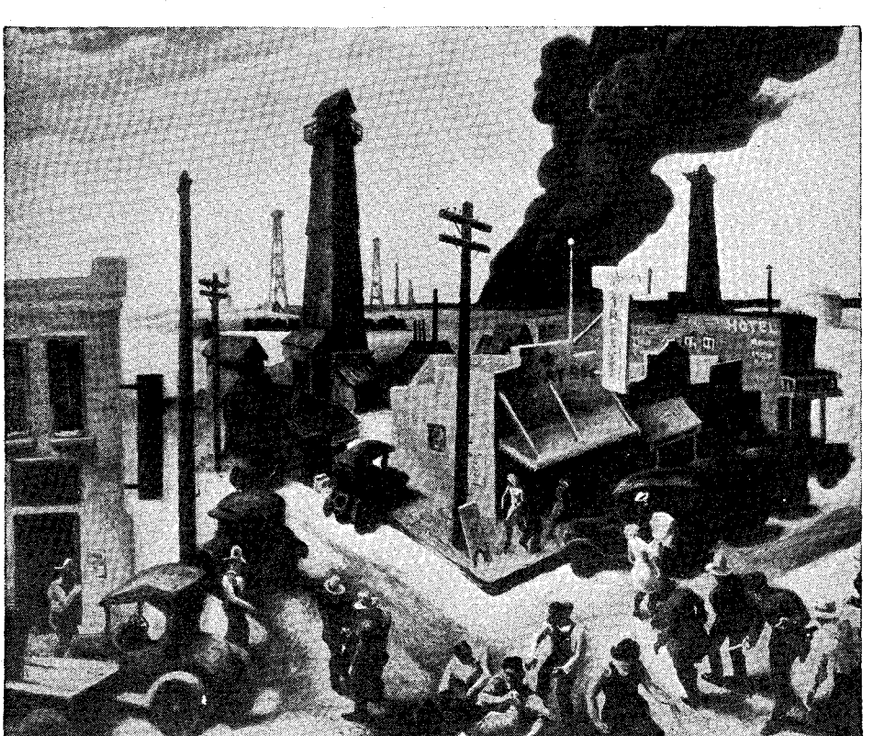
The Senecas would come up on the Fourth of July and give a green corn dance in his home town, yelling and beating on drums and getting drunk and jailed. His father, a congressman, took the youngster along with him on his political campaigns. There were years of residence at Washington, where the boy attended high school, read American history avidly and drew for his own amusement.

Later, at the age of 17, when the zinc and lead boom was at its height at Joplin, Missouri, he worked with a surveying gang, carrying the rod. When he heard that the cartoonist engaged for the newly established paper at Joplin had failed to make an appearance, young Benton applied for the job and got it, his first professional venture into art. A few months later he entered the Chicago Art Institute where he studied for two years, followed by three years of study in France.

He returned to New York, painted and went through the soul searchings and controversies that resulted from American impact with European painting theories. He joined the navy with the out-break of War, made sketches at the naval base at Norfolk, finally harmonized his theories of painting with his ideas of what should be painted, and emerged from the War with a definite program and a well-developed technique with which to realize it.

A student of art as well as an artist, Benton is an authority on the technique of painting and its evolution, and has lectured at universities and schools on the history of aesthetic forms in Occidental art. He is also a well-equipped student of American history and its folkways, his travels having carried him from the villages of New England to the plateaus of the Far West.

He lives with his wife and infant son in a Greenwich Village apartment. Every morning at eight o'clock he takes the subway to his studio far uptown and there paints all day until the light fails, except for the two afternoons each week he teaches. He is a short dark man, with black hair, black eyes and a black moustache, serious but mirthful, a man who spends more long tiring hours at his painting than most business men spend at their desks, and yet begrudges every hour spent away from his art; an embodiment of William Morris' definition of the artist as a workman happy at his task.



Courtesy Delphic Studios

BOOM TOWN
An oil by Thomas Hart Benton

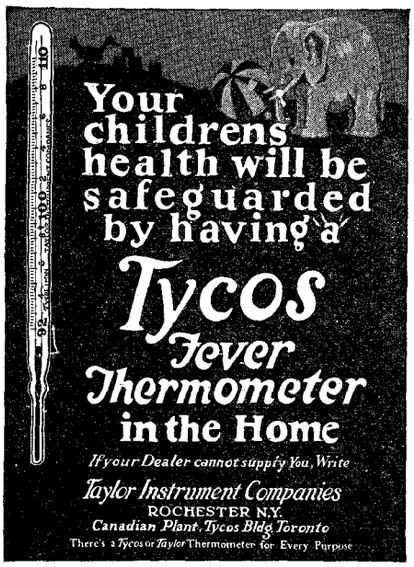
Birth Control or War?

(Continued from Page 487)

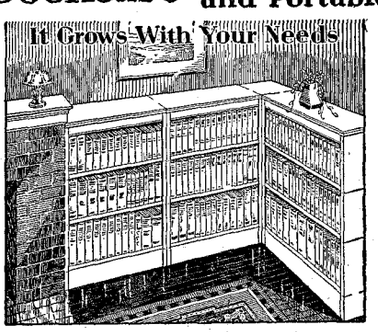
against the dissemination of information regarding it. Practice of course consistently ignores precept in this regard, and quite without reference to the moral aspects of the question. Whatever these moral aspects may be, whatever may be the arguments deduced in their support, it seems clear that those who denounce birth-control thereby—whether intentionally or not is immaterial—increase the possibilities of war.

It would appear to the layman that the inevitability of such a choice involves moral considerations of quite as high an order as may be found in the question of birth-control itself. The choice may be between two evils but the choice is there. There are only the two alternatives and humanity must choose —birth control or war?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Your childrens health will be safeguarded by having a
Tycos Fever Thermometer in the Home
If your Dealer cannot supply You, Write
Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER N.Y.
Canadian Plant, Tycos Bldg Toronto
There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose

Like a "BUILT-IN" Bookcase yet Sectional and Portable



Per Section: Lacquer $3.90 Unfinished $2.95

Lundstrom
IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

Most desirable and economical bookcase for home or office; Sectional; never too large or too small; fits odd spaces and **grows with your needs.** Price of single 3 book section stack with top and base, style shown above, unfinished (for home painting) **$12.00;** imitation mahogany or walnut, **$13.25;** colored lacquer, **$15.90.** Other styles in oak, mahogany, walnut, etc., with doors, **at correspondingly low prices.** Shipped **direct from factory on approval** at a big saving TO YOU. Write for catalog No. 26

The C. J. Lundstrom Mfg. Co., Little Falls, N. Y.
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases since 1899
Branch Warehouse: Kansas City, Mo.
New York Show Room, 130 West 42nd St.

THE OUTLOOK RECOMMENDS

SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL School of Nursing

Southampton, L. I. 8-hour day. 2½ year course-monthly allowance $15. Scholarship prizes. Ideal living conditions. Requirements 2 years High School. Write school principal for information

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 58. Springfield, Mass

Citadel of Enforcement

(Continued from Page 489)

The attitude of the leading business men in Norton toward prohibition is precisely that of leading business men elsewhere who drink when and what they please. They believe, many of them, in prohibition for their employees and temperance for themselves. Of course there are those who do not drink but who think prohibition a corpse that should be carried out, the sooner the better. Others are silent drys, having customers who are moonshiners, bootleggers or acknowledged drinkers. Many regard prohibition as a political line of division, and they are for or against it according to whether the candidate of their party is dry or wet.

A few of our more affluent citizens, deacons and elders in the church, are very circumspect in their drinking and, rather than scandalize their community and jeopardize their own interests, they run up to New York to drench their gizzards. They are fine fellows, devoted to civic betterments and town improvements, but they have an honest, if a privately expressed, contempt for Volsteadism and the sorry experiment that is prohibition.

There also is a group in Norton, decidedly in the minority, that regards prohibition as an unenforceable travesty on the Constitution and that favors the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the substitution of local option in the states and practical regulation of the sale of licensed liquor.

Prohibition in Norton, a typical small town in most respects, is self-sustaining but sadly ineffective as a plan for wiping out the liquor traffic. Nor is any material curtailment of the crime expected by the town authorities, if contemplated revenue from fines and fees is an indication. Meanwhile the housewives are swapping wine recipes, drug stores are filling whiskey prescriptions to the limit, and an odor of evasion, subterfuge and hypocrisy stenchifies our efforts to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment.

Football Parity

(Continued from Page 505)

lessen Navy's football man-power (due to the scarcity of college trained midshipmen) its introduction at West Point would reduce Army to a second rate gridiron power, incapable of offering Harvard, Yale, and Notre Dame adequate competition.

West Point stands solidly on the platform of "Equal opportunity for every cadet." It refuses to discriminate against the 44 per cent who have had previous collegiate training. It insists that every bona fide cadet in good scholastic standing should, *ipso facto*, be eligible to represent the Academy.

You can search the statistics of traditional football rivalries without finding two opponents so evenly matched. "Those figures don't tell the story of Army's ascendancy since MacArthur's system of encouraging college athletes to apply for appointments came into vogue," retorts Admiral Robison. "We won no games after 1922. Four defeats and two ties represent Navy's depressing showing."

Navy's attempt to ram an unnecessary three year rule down Army's throat is bitterly resented at West Point. Similarly, the presence of "six year athletes," veterans of collegiate competition, on Army elevens causes profound dissatisfaction at Annapolis.

The cleavage has hurt Navy more than it has injured Army, the traditional flavor of the West Point-Notre Dame game plus its New York City setting providing an attractive substitute for the Navy climax. Navy has no adequate emotional outlet.

I suspect that if you took a poll of the midshipmen you would find a majority favoring resumption with Army under the old conditions. Paraphrasing Farragut they might shout: "Damn the Army transfers, full speed ahead!"

A Load of Fur Coats

(Continued from Page 503)

home. I appreciated the friendliness to me and went with them. All the fellows welcomed me and shook hands, none of them showing any slighting feeling. One of them greeted me with a nickname I had had years before, and said I had come around just in time to represent the club in the inter-parish pool tournaments. I consented to playing a few practice games "to show how good I still was," and after playing awhile under the stimulus of interest and approval on the part of every one around, I began to do very well.

"Gee," I said; "I never knew I was so popular. Everybody seems in a conspiracy to make me feel good. I can't quite see why."

"We all know you're all right, that's why. We're all in back of you. We know you've just been getting bad breaks," he said. "Come on and see the girls. Frances said to let her know when you came."

Both of the telephone girls and their mother threw their arms around me and kissed me. The mother asked me if I was staying at home, and said she could put me up if I wasn't. One of the girls went to the telephone and called Frances and asked her to come over. I felt greatly embarrassed; I had been unfair to Frances and didn't want to pretend I had been otherwise, even though she may have been, and remained, ignorant of the fact.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frances came. The chairs in the room were all occupied, so I couldn't avoid seating myself beside her on the couch. In the conversation that followed every one, including myself, studiously and obviously tried to avoid getting near the fact that I was a thief just out of jail, and seemed instead to pretend I had returned with success from the pursuit of a high and difficult purpose. I found myself yawning and made it a reason for saying I was very sleepy, that I was in the habit of going to bed early; and I asked Frances if she was going and said I'd like to take her home.

Outside Frances put her arm through mine and walked close to me. When we had gone a short distance she asked if I was really glad to see her again. I asked if she wanted me to be glad, and when she said she did, I asked why. She liked me, and besides if she hadn't let me spend so much money on her I mightn't have been arrested, and she wanted to make up for all the harm she had caused me; she had been miserable because I was in jail, through her. I said her idea was romantic and silly; that if she hadn't let me spend money on her I'd have found some one else who would have, and I'd have gone to jail anyhow, sooner or later; that in making dates with her and spending money on her I did it out of a wholly selfish desire to enjoy her for a moment, without any intention of remaining faithful to her for a day or an hour afterward.

On Monday morning I landed a job as press-feeder in a printing plant not far from home, at a wage of twenty cents an hour. The week comprised fifty-five hours, so that I'd make eleven dollars. I told my father I was making ten dollars a week, so I could keep a dollar for cigarettes without chancing a dispute with him. He said only that he'd rather see me not working than to have a job at such small wages, after the education I'd received. He wasn't entirely sober, so I said nothing.

My enthusiasm about my job lessened considerably during supper when my father, drunk again, asked one of my sisters sarcastically if she had ever heard of an educated man working for ten dollars a week. She shook her head to me to say nothing and said to my father she thought he ought to give me a little time. He looked across the table at me accusingly but only muttered something indistinctly and became silent. I decided to think he had tried drunkenly to nettle me into getting a better job, but I couldn't be quite sure and failed to avoid feeling resentment toward him.

While I was washing up after quitting-time on the fourth day the foreman

SOUTH AFRICA

Zulu Ricksha Boy

The vast outdoors of South Africa calls, with its golden sunshine, blue skies, and invigorating climate.

A romantic, fascinating land for travel adventure, abounding in natural wonders and rugged beauty! Here are the Victoria Falls, the majestic Drakensberg Mountains, the fascinating Congo Caves, Zimbabwe's mysterious ruins, the world-famous Valley of Diamonds at Kimberly, and the mile-and-a-half deep gold mines at Johannesburg.

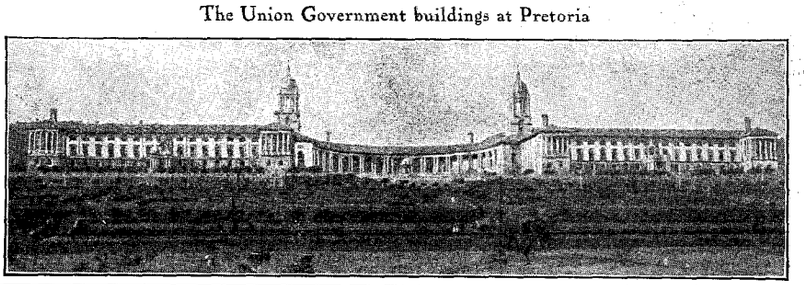
The five-million acre Kruger National Park affords a rare close-up of African big game, and a flora of infinite variety and profusion delights the eye. You can see Zulus and Matabele in all the picturesque phases of their primitive life—their native kraals, and wild war dances, witch doctors and age-old tribal ceremonies.

Railroads and hotels with all modern appointments, and excellent motor roads, make traveling a pleasure.

Write for booklet HB5 and particulars regarding special cruise or individual tours. Address Director,

GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
OF SOUTH AFRICA
11 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

The Union Government buildings at Pretoria



SPARE TIME TRAINING
THAT LEADS TO BIGGER PAY

Do you want a better position and a higher salary? You can have them if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems through the time-saving LaSalle Problem Method. Our **salary-increasing plan** enables you to prepare during your spare hours, without interference with your present duties. Simply mark on the coupon the field in which you desire success; and we will mail you a valuable book describing the opportunities in that field, together with an outline of our **salary-increasing plan.** Also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." There is no cost or obligation. Find out how the **salary-increasing plan** starts average men and women on the high road to success and financial independence. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

—Find Yourself Through LaSalle—

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 3388-R CHICAGO — The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Tell me about your **salary-increasing plan** for my advancement in the business field checked. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Railway Station Mgmt
- ☐ Railway Accounting
- ☐ Law—Degree of LL. B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Telegraphy
- ☐ Stenotypy
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence
- ☐ Paper Salesman's Training

Name.....

Address..... Present Position.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2 More Real Estate Sections April 30th May 28th

Second

SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION

What to Buy—Where to Buy

HOMES—ESTATES—FARMS—RANCHES—REAL PROPERTY

FOR SALE, RENT, OR LEASE

Copy for Next Section due on or before April 16

Alabama

MUSCLE SHOALS is by far the greatest enterprise our government has ever undertaken. *The desire to rejuvenate the farm,* and reestablish the credit system will attract business men by an unprecedented upheaval *in the financial world. Look into it well.* Can suggest and promise enterprising men a bargain. Private treaty by mail or in *person* W. H. CAVANAGH, *Harrison* Memorial, Front and Lehigh, Philadelphia, Pa.

California

CALIFORNIA RANCHES. Here is one of 24,000 acres; owns its own ample water right from California's second largest river; much of it improved and should all be improved *and subdivided, this takes a lot of* money; three million dollars, one fourth cash; it offers possibilities of immense profits; further particulars from owners agent, 9,500 acres finest stock ranch one could want; Plenty of water and fine feed; stock can also be bought. Other California properties, large and small. D. R. HANHART, 515 West Yosemite Ave., Madera, California.

Connecticut

COLONIAL HOUSE, Guilford, Connecticut

FOR SALE—To close an estate.—About ¾ acres of land, in quiet New England town. House built in 1770. Price $10,000. For particulars address, OWNER, 48 State Street, Guilford, Conn.

PINE ORCHARD FOR SALE OR RENT

Connecticut's finest Shore Resort. Two houses, well located—Six bed rooms each, two baths, extra toilets, lavatories, showers, sleeping porches, etc. Very complete and up to date. Box 902, New Haven, Conn.

FOR RENT FOR SUMMER MONTHS. 90 miles from New York in Litchfield Hills. Old house furnished, three fireplaces, kitchen department just done over. Six bedrooms, sleeping porch, two bathrooms—extra toilet down stairs—man's room outside—electric connection—space for two cars in nearby barns. Small garden below living porch. Brook, shade trees. Eight minutes walk from Post Office. K. CRAVEN, Roxbury, Connecticut.

ON LOVELY LAKE—2 desirable summer cottages 4 and 5 rooms respectively to rent month or season. Each completely furnished for housekeeping (except silver and linen.) Running water, bathroom, fire place in living room, electricity, garage. Meals near*by if preferred. On new State highway* convenient Hartford and Willimantic. Quiet Christian community. For terms and in*formation apply Mrs. Charles Natsch,* Columbia, Conn.

COLONIAL HOUSE, SHERMAN, CONNECTICUT FOR SALE. To close estate. In quiet *New England town ¼ mile from* largest Connecticut lake. 2 hours from New York City. Price $10,000. For particulars address Mrs. Wm. Giddings, Sherman, Connecticut.

FOR SALE—EAST HADDAM, CONNECTICUT—Comfortable—well built house—11 large, sunny rooms—running water, electric lights—hot water heat—Magnificent view — shade trees — shrubbery — barn — Convenient to State Road and River boats —Ideal week-end service for New York business men—Boat leaves New York 5 P. M. —arrives East Haddam midnight. Return—leaves East Haddam 10 P. M.—arrives New York 5 A. M.—Price reasonable. C. M. HOOD, Clinton, Conn.

FOR SALE IN OLD LYME, CONNECTICUT

Ten-room house, nearly 300 years old in good condition, on elevation overlooking Connecticut River and Long Island Sound. Just off State Road about one mile to bathing beaches and one-half mile to railroad station. Ten acres of land, new barn. For interviews address E. M. GAUCHET, 11 Margin St., West Lynn. Mass.

District of Columbia

WASHINGTON—1 mile from District Line. Ideal for home or tea-room golf course. Value will double in 10 years. Original grant unincumbered. Inquire Woodside Church, Maryland or write E. Wilson, A. W. A., 353 West 57th Street, New York City. Also small 18th Century house near University of Virginia.

England

OLD ENGLISH HOME in beautiful country, 23 miles from London, to be let furnished for 6 months or less. 9 bedrooms, 3 reception, electric light, garden, tennis court, two garages. Terms 12—15 guineas per week. MRS. WILSON, Red House, Sundridge, Sevenoaks.

Florida

FOR SALE, good citrus grove. Warm lake protection and good air drainage. Florida values have reached rock bottom and a profitable investment is offered. Liberal terms. Wm. Mason, Box 475, Auburndale, Florida.

Maine

FOR SALE—HOUSE—MONMOUTH, MAINE

12 rooms (*4 more can be easily added*)—In Village—near churches and Post Office—just off State Road—Overlooks lake—good *bathing—Suitable for summer home or small* hotel—Further details A. V. BLAISDELL.

TO RENT—NEWAGEN, MAINE

Furnished cottage directly on shore. Nine rooms, bath, hot water, electricity, *garage, fireplace, sleeping porch. Comfort*able in every way for family with children. Address E. P. WYCKOFF, 532 E. 87th St., N. Y. C.

PENOBSCOT BAY

Ideal *locations* in Maine, summer homes, lake, coast or country. ORRIN J. DICKEY, Belfast, Maine.

MAINE SUMMER HOUSE.

With extended view of the White Mountains, land borders beautiful lake, boating, bathing, fishing, bathing beach, billiards, near golf links. Modern heavily timbered *house, in perfect repair,* large garage, asphalt slate roofs, dry cemented cellar, furnace, pure running water, two bath rooms, *modern plumbing, perfect drainage,* very desirable neighbors. 13 acres beautiful woods, 7 acres field, fruit trees, must be seen to be appreciated. Address "HIGHLANDS", Outlook and Independent.

Summer Home ON LAKE MARANACOOK READFIELD, ME.

5 bedrooms, broad piazza, well elevated. *$300. Season. Also Bungalow, large living*room, stone fireplace, $200. Prices include, wood, ice, boat, canoe, tennis. Good fishing, Photos. J. E. Harvey, Readfield, Me.

FOR RENT AT WISCASSET. Six-room house—furnished—all improvements. One*car garage. Summer season or monthly*—Apply to Mrs. M. A. Giffin, Wiscasset, Me.

MAINE FARM

Large house, garage, barn. Fronting two rivers. High Bungalow sites. Electric power, spring water. Deep sea fishing. 65 acres. *$10,000.* Broker, ANNA S. WHITTINGHAM, Millburn, N. J.

SOUTH WEST HARBOR, MAINE

Cottage for sale or rent. Sale $5,000. Rent $400. For season; fully furnished; has four bedrooms; two baths; living room, with open fireplace, dining room, kitchen and laundry. Near two hotels. Beautiful view of Harbor and Mountains. J. G. LAMB, 2215 *Land Title Building, Philadelphia,* Pa.

PENOBSCOT BAY—5 acres; 1,000 foot sand beach; grove of pines; 9-room furnished cottage, bath, 2 fireplaces. Low price to May 1st to close estate; terms. MAINE LAKES AND COAST COMPANY, Portland, Maine.

TO LET—PEMAQUID HARBOR, MAINE

Among the pines, on the ocean, six-room bungalow, fire-place, bath room, electricity. Also camp suitable for two. J. B. Fielding, 1730 N. W. 39th Street, Miami, Fla.

FOR RENT At Fortune Rocks, Biddeford, Me.

A MODERN COTTAGE, beautifully situated, facing ocean. Fully equipped for housekeeping; electric light, city water, garage. Miss Esther W. Smith, Andover, Mass.

FOR RENT AT BOOTHBAY HARBOR, MAINE

7-room furnished cottage, fireplace and broad verandas. Apply to Emma E. Jones, 50 Bangor Street, Augusta, Me.

Seashore Cottage RENT FOR SEASON

6 rooms, bath, hot and cold water, electric lights; fully furnished. S. W. Littell, 138 S. Main St., Rockland, Me.

Massachusetts

SIASCONSET — NANTUCKET ISLAND TO RENT—Seashore cottage comfortably furnished. 6 rooms and bath—electric lights. $500 for season, would divide the summer. L. W. Otis, 318 South 42nd Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Massachusetts

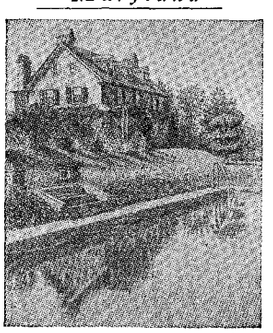
CAPE COD Longnook Beach Old Truro

Furnished cottages, $250 to $495 for season. Private colony, ocean front, electric lights, baths, fireplaces, screened porches. Mrs. L. C. *Greenleaf, 6 Upland Ave., Dorchester,* Mass.

GOOSE POND, Lee, Mass.

FOR SALE—Cottage sites in the heart of the BERKSHIRES. Large lake 2 miles long, elevation 1500 feet, large lots, electricity and telephone connections, good fishing and boating. Prices reasonable and terms to suit. 140 miles to New York or Boston. E. D. PARKS, Russell, Mass.

Maryland



FOR SALE

STOCKHOME *two miles from the* District of Columbia's line, in Montgomery County, Maryland, in *Bradley Hills. Property consists of ap*proximately 55,000 square feet of land, stone house and garage. House has 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, *living room, dining room,* kitchen, breakfast room. Garage holds 2 cars, having servants' quarters on second floor. Outdoor swimming pool, fed by springs, central heating plant, oil heat, stationary vacuum cleaner, and refrigeration. Just 8½ miles from center of Washington, in most beautiful suburb.—**Ed. L. Stock, 1117—15th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.**

FOR SALE—Hotel, 40 rooms, beautifully situated on Eastern Shore of Maryland. 250 feet of water front—completely equipped and furnished, steam heat, rooms with bath and running water, commercial, tourist, and vacation business—$25,000. Dr. McLeod, 421 Huguenot Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Michigan

FOR SALE 123.7 acres. Drummonds Island, Chippewa County, Michigan. One-half mile water frontage. Land locked bay, fishing and deer hunting, valuable commercially. W. F. COOPER, Box 174, North Lansing Station, Lansing, Michigan.

Missouri

FOR SALE: MOKANE, MISSOURI

Century-old well-preserved brick house, 8 rooms, 3 fire-places. Walnut, Cabinets. Fine site, Evergreens, brook, deep well, electricity, highway, ¼ cultivating of 290 acres. Valuable timber, vein china clay. Low price. Write A. D. F., 712 Jefferson St., Fulton, Mo.

Nebraska

OWING to advanced age, I have a good farm and pasture land for sale cheap, in Nebraska. 831 Outlook and Independent.

New Hampshire

ON LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

For Sale or Rent—House, modern improvements. Large living-room, dining-room, kitchen, two bed-rooms (four single beds). *Hot and cold water. Second floor—four* bed-rooms. 1½ mile from village—18 hole golf links. Further particulars—E. J. *BARTLETT, 52 Grovehill Ave., Newtonville,* Mass.

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, *furnished for rent and for sale.* Write booklets. **Sargent & Co., New London, N. H.** Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

New Hampshire

WHY BUILD SUMMER COTTAGE AT

Gilmanton, New Hamp.? Because of its Climate, Society, Bathing and Golf. It is a Vacation Center. For details write Manager of Robinswood Inn.

SUGAR HILL, NEW HAMPSHIRE: For rent for summer season. Attractive furnished cottage; 10 rooms, 2 baths, 2 lavatories, electric lights. Garage. 5 acres grounds. Splendid view 3 mountain ranges. Housekeeping or not as desired. J. B. HARDON, 87 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE—NEW IPSWICH, NEW HAMPSHIRE. Colonial Homestead — 12 rooms—furnished or unfurnished. 3 acres land. Every modern convenience. Fireplaces—hardwood floors—2 baths. Gravity water. Tennis court. Sleeping porch, asparagus bed. G. J. PRESCOTT, Riverbank Court Hotel, Cambridge, Mass.

SUGAR HILL, N. H. White Mountains, picturesque Satchell cottage, furnished. William E. Satchell, 211 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

New Jersey

Spring Lake and Jersey Resorts

Because of Stock Market reverses I have **Exceptional Bargains.** Select homes. Acreage. Hotels. Farms. Water Front Sites. Exchange. Sale or Rent. **GEORGE MENNE,** Realtor, 514 Warren Ave., (At Railroad Station) Spring Lake, N. J.

COUNTRY ESTATE or Private Sanitarium. 10-room well built house, modern water and light, hot water heat, open fire place, hardwood floors, wash tubs, lawns and shade, fruit. 32 acres well drained good soil, long road frontage, near town 20 miles from Philadelphia, 80 to New York, just *off New State Road. Laying and brooder* houses, poultry equipment, could be used for dairy. Three room apartment, garages, *lowest price $20,000.* HENRY RAU, MT. HOLLY, N. J.

***FOUR ACRES** in town limits, 2-room* camp, exceptional location, $1,100.—Also 6 acre poultry plant, $8,500—Box 97, Lake*wood,* N. J.

New Mexico

HOTEL—200 rooms for sale by owner, title in fee. Or for rent to purchaser of furniture and fixtures. Ten years or longer lease. Immediate possession. Located in Rocky Mountain Region on three national highways. Strategic overnight station for overland travel. Excellent physical condition. Well established business. Also Art Store with hotel or sold separately. Address HUGO SEABERG, Raton, New Mexico.

New York

FOR SALE—Home at Bronxville, N. Y. Eleven room house—three baths. Two car garage. About two acres in grounds. Fruit trees—flower and vegetable gardens S. M. MUSSELMAN, Keswick, Va.

BEAUTIFUL HOME AT SOUTH JAMESPORT, L. I.—$18,000, ½ mortgage 1/3 value—House has eleven rooms—two baths —see imprints—two-car garage. Three minute walk to "Pecan's Bay". Plot 17.8 x 200. If interested send for pictures. Fred H. Tuthill, Riverhead, L. I.

FOR SALE or LEASE

Seven-room Colonial. Sun room, living room with log burning fireplace, dining *room, kitchen, three bedrooms, one* bath. Built-in, heated garage. Wash trays and toilet in cellar. Steam heat. Copper screens. Plot 61 x 104 shrubbed. S. E. MAGUIRE, 15 Mulberry Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

LAKE PLEASANT, N. Y. — FOR SALE

Summer Camp 200 ft. frontage Sacandaga Lake, 9-room house—garage. Water—electric lights. Adjoining Hamilton County Inn Golf Course. Further details, Eugene L. Smith, 36 Walker Ave., Bradford, Pa.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY—MONTROSE, between Albany Post Road—Hudson. 8¼ acres—Many large elm—maple trees, also apple, peach, pear—grapes. 9-room frame house—furnace, running water, electricity. Barn. 849 Outlook and Independent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came to me in the washroom and handed me an envelope, and said he was sorry but the office had told him to let me go. I said I'd like to know the reason, and he said he hadn't been told.

The next morning I got another job as press-feeder in a small print-shop. I was offered only eight a week, because of the little work there was to do. In the evening I didn't see my father at home. The following day, Saturday, he came to supper. I gave him the money paid me on the first job, and told him I hadn't been paid yet on my new one. He was drunk again and seemed surly. He picked up the money from the table and after counting it said he had expected more. I refrained from saying anything and sat down to eat. I had started to cut a slice of bread when he asked how much I was getting on my new job. I told him.

"Eight dollars a week!" he exclaimed; "you're a damned liar. You're making a hell of a lot more than that. A man of your education ought to be ashamed to earn less than fifty dollars a week. Eight dollars a week! That won't pay back for the bread you've eaten at this table, that I've paid for." I left the knife in the loaf of bread, got up from the table and went to get my hat and coat.

I hadn't a nickel for carfare and walked downtown. On the way I decided what to do. I went to the theatrical hotel proprietor who had bought fur coats from me, told him I was just out of jail, and asked him for twenty-five dollars to carry me until Monday or Tuesday, when I'd bring around another load of coats. He said I could have more than twenty-five dollars if I wanted it. I said thirty dollars would surely be plenty, and he gave it to me.

On Monday afternoon I went to a department store just before closing time and in less than an hour came out with two men's overcoats, after having packed six women's fur coats in two large paper bags and put them in the drawers of a bureau in the furniture department, for removal the next morning as soon as the store was open.

Getting the women's coats the next morning from the furniture department was laughably easy. Two of them turned out to be cheap, being marked at $150 each, so I let George, the hotel proprietor, have the lot for $500. I bought a new suit immediately, and a full outfit of other things I needed. Early in the afternoon I took a train to New York, to see if I could locate Frank, and do something in the stores there. I went to one of the stores—Macy's—from the train, and after looking it over decided to try to do something, but after the store had closed, when I went to the floor containing the furs and started to walk through it, a watchman called to me and asked what I wanted. I told him I wanted the accounting department, that I had come to pay a bill. "They're closed," he said; "you'll have to come tomorrow and pay it." He accompanied me back to the elevator, and also to the ground floor and then made sure that I left the store.

I could get no information about Frank from either the Tombs or the Raymond Street Jail in Brooklyn.

On my second afternoon in New York I had no trouble, in another store, in getting six fur coats packed and into the furniture department. In the evening I met a fellow from Philadelphia who was a fugitive in an assault case, and went with him to a saloon on Forty-eighth Street near Seventh Avenue—Danny's—where he introduced me to the proprietor and a number of thieves and gamblers.

I was interested in getting acquainted with the "swellest mob." One of them particularly interested me—a big fellow with a handsome face and a hearty bass-viol laugh, whose gayety and wit gave the place its center. I decided to ask my companion to find out if the big fellow wanted to buy a fur coat for himself or his girl. A few minutes later the big fellow and I withdrew upstairs to a table in a room where ladies were served, to talk over the number and kind and price of coats I had to sell and what he and his friends would buy and pay.

After he had made an appointment for me to bring some coats to his apart-

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in Our Issue of April 5, 1950

In full-page advertisements, the publishers of Liberty predicted that by 1955 its circulation would be larger than that of the Outlook.

The discovery of a tenth planet,—the first to be discovered since the Trans-Neptune planet, Tra,—was announced this week by the Lowell Observatory at You Bet, California.

A decision in favor of Amalgamated Airways, Inc., was handed down by the U. S. Supreme Court last Monday, Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes dissenting.

Before calling the Senate to order Monday afternoon, the Vice-President declared in a broadcast from Washington: "I am in favor of the repeal of the Twenty-first Amendment only on conditon that such action does not involve the return of Prohibition."

Outlook and Independent

SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION *Continued*

New York

FOR SALE—SUMMER CAMP—furnished, on shore of Long Lake in heart of Adirondacks—Suitable for boarders, convalescent camp or club—Accommodates 30 people. For further information write MRS. C. V. MANN, 97 Morris Street, Albany, N. Y. After May 1st—Long Lake, Hamilton County, N. Y.

ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.
For Sale or Rent. Camp north of Plattsburg for small family. Electricity, plumbing, cobblestone fireplace, shrubbery, flowers, vegetable garden, young fruit trees. Details and photographs furnished. James DeF. Burroughs, Ausable Chasm, N. Y.

WILMINGTON, N. Y. — ADIRONDACKS —Sale or Rent. 2¼ acres near Lake Placid on State Road. 7-room cottage, modern bath, completely furnished. Fireplace—electricity—2-car garage—bathing—fishing—golf—near by. Address SARA MAPP, 122 Smith Street, Peekskill, N. Y.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, For Rent.—Cottage - 6 rooms, furnished; south of Essex: 1½ acres land; beach. $175 season. E. W. LEANING, 100 State St., Albany, N.Y.

Pennsylvania

FORD AGENCY

Established 15 years. Busy town in prosperous community—140 car contract—Building and equipment on easy terms—Stock at inventory. L. A. WRIGHT, Factoryville, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Will exchange modern recreation center — 10 bowling alleys—6 pocket billiard tables—buildings complete—for seashore hotel or other income producing property. Location in new section growing fast. Total value of property $65,000. Incumbrances $35,000.

MAIN LINE near PHILADELPHIA
Beautiful self-supporting country estate one hour from center of Philadelphia. About 89 acres, with nursery of c. 184,000 evergreens, stream, etc., $93,400, easy terms. C. G. HOAG, 3515 Powelton Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Vermont

SUMMER PROPERTIES
For Sale and For Rent
BUILDING SITES
Mrs. C. L. Lee, Tel. 183-12 Dorset, Vt.

BERLIN, VERMONT—250-acre farm—300,000 feet hardwood, maple, birch, ash. 200,000 feet soft hemlock, bass, etc. Mostly first growth. River running by. Colonial house 14 rooms, beautiful view. Large barn with slate roof—running water, also stable. Pure Jersey Stock, tuberculin tested. MRS. M. L. CHANDLER, 10 Park Street, Barre, Vermont.

To Rent PEACHAM, VT.
9-room house, furnished, bath with hot and cold water. Hardwood floors, 3 fire-places, large porch, garage. Lakes near by. Wholesome community, beautiful scenery, 5 minutes to P. O., stores. $225 season. G. E. JOHNSON, 95 Raymond Street, Cambridge, Mass.

GREEN MOUNTAIN ESTATE
FOR SALE: An attractive 57 acre property in Bennington County, Vermont. Gardens, tennis courts, house modern in every respect, six master bed rooms, four baths, four servants' rooms, electric lights, steam heat, six magnificent fireplaces. Location most sightly and healthful, elevation 900 feet. But a few miles from two Country Clubs and Golf Courses. Five hours by rail or automobile from New York. Offered at a bargain price. Immediate possession. GEORGE N. POWERS, Bennington, Vt.

Virginia

COME TO VIRGINIA — Farms, Old Colonial Estates, Industrial Opportunities, best all round climate. JAMES M. ROGERS, Charlottesville, Va.

• You Too •
CAN RENT, SELL EXCHANGE or BUY

Here's the place to advertise *that* property—space is very reasonable and very effective. Write now for complete information.

REAL ESTATE DEPT.
Outlook, 120 E. 16th St., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

COPY for April 30 issue, due on or before April 16. Phone Stuyvesant 7874 . . or write THE OUTLOOK CO. 120 EAST 16th ST. NEW YORK CITY

Rates for Classified Advertisements 60 Cents a Line

Where to Buy or Sell — Where to Travel — How to Travel
Use this Section to Fill Your Wants

Hotels and Resorts

England

HOWARD HOTEL, LONDON
Elegance & Luxury

Every bedroom is fitted with hot and cold water, central heating and telephone. Many bedrooms with private bathrooms and elegant suites. The restaurant serves the finest of foods and wines in the brightest and most attractive of surroundings. The Lounges are spacious and luxurious. Bedrooms from $2.50. Illustrated Booklets from Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau which will make reservations for you.

NORFOLK ST., STRAND, W.C.

Massachusetts

HOTEL LENOX IN BOSTON

Write to Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau for rates, bookings, and details.

New York

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

ADIRONDACKS. THE CRATER CLUB ESSEX-ON-LAKE CHAMPLAIN, N. Y. Cottages without housekeeping cares. Excellent table. Moderate prices. Social references required. Send for circular.

SUNSET LODGE — BEACON, N. Y. Temporary or Permanent Home with medical attendance if needed. Rest from social, business or household cares. Congenial home life. Excellent food. $25 weekly and up. CHAS. A. KITTRIDGE, M. D.

New York City

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City

Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

For The "Crowd-Weary"

You may have to mix with crowds . . . but you don't have to live amidst them. Here . . . only 28 minutes from Grand Central Station . . . the quiet and pure air of the country . . . and no congestion. A thoroughly modern well managed hotel in beautiful Lawrence Park. Nightly concerts. Open all year. American Plan.

HOTEL GRAMATAN
BRONXVILLE NEW YORK

Switzerland

MONTREUX.—CHATEAU BELMONT

The Hotel in the most healthy situation. Sunny. Large private gardens. Overlooking Lake Geneva. Tennis. Garage.

Hotels and Resorts

Wyoming

"THE WIGWAM"
For a Real Vacation

P. O. Ten Sleep, Wyo.—R. R. Worland, Wyo. At the entrance to Ten Sleep Canyon in the big cattle and sheep ranch country at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains. Most hospitable and comfortable place to stay. Pack trips into the wonderful fishing country of the Big Horns. For folders and information, write to GAY WYMAN, The Wigwam, Ten Sleep, Wyoming.

Tours and Travel

EUROPE 1930
The Passion Play
SELECT TOURS $695
VACATION TOURS $340
Alaska, Mexico National Parks, California, Bermuda, West Indies, Round the World.
Summer tour to
EGYPT, PALESTINE $795
Steamship Tickets—All Lines
STRATFORD TOURS
452 Fifth Ave., New York

ENGLISH & SCOTTISH TOURS via private cars, moderate prices. Details and booklets may be obtained from The Outlook Travel Bureau, or Mallison, Wyngate House, Windermere, The Lake District, Eng.

$435 Leisurely, delightful summer tour through Europe, with congenial travelers, good hotels, limited membership. Motoring to Fontainebleau, Barbizon and Versailles—motorboat on Lake Geneva—tallyho up the Lauterbrunnen Valley—motoring through the Bavarian Highlands to Castle Neuschwanstein—the Passion Play at Oberammergau—the Rhine and the Zuyder Zee—Reservations made by experts.

Longer tours sail in Spring and Summer to Italy, Egypt, Palestine and Norway.

Established 1901 Send for booklets

TEMPLE TOURS
447-A Park Sq. Bldg., Boston, Mass.

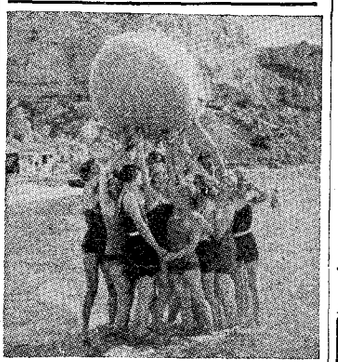
EUROPE 2 PRIVATE TOURS BY MOTOR
Featuring Passion Play and Dolomites. Sailing May 3rd and June 28th.
JEANNE PALMER TOURS
Suite 1104. 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

MOTORING IN EUROPE
Tours starting in June, July and August. 52 days—$650, 58 days—$745, 66 days—$825.
ARGONAUT TOURS,
551 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Europe for College Men

A few places open in small, select group for ten weeks independent motor tour. Sail about June 25th. Expert direction; Economical, Congenial, Profitable Travel. This is different. Address at once CHARLES A. DAWSON, Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa.

Tours and Travel



VISBY

BATHING at Sweden's beaches—fun and recreation in a new clime. There is the warm, snow-white sand at Visby, with the rose-covered, crumbling walls and towers of the mediaeval city as a lovely background. Outside Stockholm among spruce-clad islands lies Saltsjöbaden, with surfing and yachting; gay, fashionable, modern. On the western coast, near Gothenberg, are the sun-baked rocks of Särö, Sweden's tennis center; Lysekil and Marstrand whose salty, health-giving waters are dotted with gleaming pleasure craft. In the south is the wide, cosmopolitan beach of smart Falsterbo, summer playground of the sophisticates; and Båstad, charming and elegant, with its famous golf course and tennis courts. The coast abounds in rustic and picturesque fishing hamlets and artists' colonies for those who desire "the simple life."

STOCKHOLM EXPOSITION
May-September 1930
"More Beautiful Things for Every-Day Use." Sweden's loveliest creations in glass, china, pewter, silver, textiles and wood.

Eight days direct from New York by the Swedish American Line. From London or Paris by convenient boat or train service—ten hours by air. Through trains from Berlin and Hamburg. Booklet free from any travel bureau or write

SWEDISH STATE RAILWAYS
Travel Information Bureau Dept. O-1
551 Fifth Avenue New York City

SWEDEN

Miscellaneous

PURE VERMONT MAPLE SUGAR, ten pound can $3.50. Gallon syrup $2.50. F. O. B. Twelve small cakes delivered $1.00. April shipment. CARL GRAY, Fairfax, Vermont.

BELIEVING some men and women are burdened, anxious, needing help in meeting perplexing personal problems, retired New York physician offers friendly counsel. Nothing medical, no fees. 9376 Outlook and Independent.

Graphologist

HANDWRITING analysis gives a vivid personal inventory. Send handwriting. Analysis $1.00. Miss Florence Lyon, Box 286, Quincy, Mass.

Mart of the Unusual

Harris Tweed Direct from makers Ideal sporting material. Any length cut. Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

OLD IVORY CHESS SETS
I have five wonderful old ivory sets. Remarkable value. Send for descriptive price list. C. H. BIRD, Bethlehem, Conn.

ETCHINGS
Authentic artists' proofs now available from painter-etchers of international experience associated with the Brown County Artists' Colony.
BOOKLET FOR THE ASKING
The Artists' Shop Nashville, Indiana

Situations Wanted

COMPANION, secretary, hostess, managing housekeeper. Adaptable, capable, dependable. 9378 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION—home supervisor to one person, high type woman, socially correct, common sense, helpful, modest, travel, references. 9385 Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE graduate wants position as companion, governness or secretary. Teaching and secretarial experience. Can teach music. 9386 Outlook and Independent.

EXECUTIVE: Experienced woman executive desires position as manager for institution. 9387 Outlook and Independent.

GERMAN lady wishes to tutor in French and German during part of the summer in exchange for pleasant home in the country. 9388 Outlook and Independent.

USE OUR CLASSIFIED COLUMN

Rates and full details for advertising in our Classified Columns sent on request.

EVA R. DIXON
OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT TRAVEL BUREAU
120 East 16th Street
NEW YORK CITY

ment the next day, he invited me to join him and his friends on their nightly round of the town.

An hour later a dozen of us started out. At about seven in the morning we arrived at Jack's, on Sixth Avenue, for breakfast, after having gone from place to place for no purpose but to show every one that we were swell guys with swell girls and limitless money to spend.

The six coats I got increased my bankroll $600; Rats' girl and five of her friends each bought one. Rats asked me to come around to Danny's in the evening and "step out" again. I said I would. That evening, and the next, cost me nearly $200, and increasing boredom with "swellness." I decided to quit being a swell-guy and resume the piker existence I had been lifted from. Before returning to Philadelphia I decided to get another load of coats to bring back with me. I did, and the next day George, the hotel proprietor, paid me another $600. I decided on a vacation until after New Years.

(To Be Continued)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED